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HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY JAMES W. WILSON.

O Lord, assist me now,
As at Thy feet I bow,
In hope and fear,
To give Thee all my heart,
And nobly do my part
Another year.
O, may it be my will
To love and serve Thee still,
Let come what may—
That I may live a life
Free from all sin and strife,
Day after day.
As the years come and go,
With all their joy and woe
To all mankind,
May I look up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
And comfort find.
May I, through all my years,
Through all my smiles and tears,
Be truly Thine;
Oh, let Thy face of love
Beam on me from above,
Saviour divine.
And as new hopes arise,
Filling with light the skies
That o'er me lower,
I would lift up my soul,
And ask to be made whole
This very hour.

THE GREAT REVIVAL

IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

BY REV. W. F. CRAFTS.

FIRST PART.

During the last fifteen months a revival of religion has been prevailing in Great Britain, which the London *Methodist* declares unequalled in power by any religious movement that country has ever known, except the "Great Awakening" in the time of the Wesleys. If you had been in

EDINBURGH, A YEAR AGO, you would have beheld strange sights in that staid and quiet city. Half the persons you would have met on the streets having a little hymn book of Mr. Sankey's—"Songs and Solos;" groups at the street corners talking to each other of religion, Bible readings and Christian work, or singing the Gospel to those they could gather about them; car-fulls of people singing the Gospel as they returned from meetings; students of the universities getting excited from recitations to hear Moody's Bible readings and Sankey's prayer-filled songs, and holding special meetings in the college halls; boarding school girls giving up their usual holiday visit to their homes, and remaining in Edinburgh, "where they have been so much blessed;" crowds hurrying toward the great Free Assembly Hall two hours before the time of service, even on week nights, lest they should be unable to get in; hundreds of written requests for prayer and praise read to the thousands at the noon-day meetings; services beginning an hour ahead of time because all the space was filled and there was no room for more; scores of young men offering themselves for the work of the ministry and missionary work at home and abroad; and religion the topic of the day in every quarter of the city.

"There was a wonderful sight, one Sabbath evening, at the Corn Exchange (engaged for working men alone, in which are no seats), when the men rushed in, standing as thick as they could. When Mr. Moody said, 'any of you that wish to decide for Jesus, or any of you that wish to have any conversation on the subject, hold up your hands,' there was at once a sea of them held up. I have heard it said that it was one of the grandest sights ever witnessed in Edinburgh when that vast crowd of men went up from this room to the Assembly Hall. After Mr. Moody's address to them, he said, 'you that are resolved to be the Lord's, or you want us to come and speak to you, stand up,' and some five hundred stood up. Lord Cavan was in the chair that night, and he exclaimed, 'thank God! I never saw such a sight before.'

Similar scenes filled Dundee, Inverness, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and other Scotch cities and towns visited by Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, and by per-

sons whose hearts had been enkindled by their meetings. The evangelists went on their way, but their work followed them, and many months after their visit the results were reported as large and the interest as great as during their presence, although of course less centralized. In

BELFAST, IRELAND, to which the evangelists went from Scotland, "the open-air meeting in Agnes-street, at 2.30 on Sunday, was attended by numbers estimated at from 10,000 to 20,000. The fundamental truths of the Gospel were forcibly put and ably illustrated. Many were bathed in tears. Multitudes of careless men and women have been awakened. Mark also this representative item from Londonderry, which boasts that it is "the only city in Ireland that never was taken" (thank God it was so mightily taken by the Holy Spirit in this revival), "twenty young men in a business establishment, before the visit of Moody and Sankey to the Maiden city, were gay and thoughtless. They are all converted, and now meet every evening, after business hours, and hold a prayer-meeting together."

Many other towns in the north of Ireland caught the flame from Belfast and Londonderry, and the work swept on like a prairie fire through all Ulster. Similar results were found at

DUBLIN.

An item from the London *Christian* (but a fragment from the history of the work in that city) says, "at the Sunday morning meeting for prayer of the workers in this good cause Mr. Moody spoke many kind words of encouragement. In the afternoon the Exhibition Palace was densely crowded with 8,000 to 10,000 persons. Mr. Moody's stirring sermon deeply affected the whole audience, as did that touching hymn, 'The Ninety and Nine.'"

The arrival of the two American evangelists in LONDON was announced by the Atlantic cable as if it were the coming of a king or conqueror. The religious papers of the great metropolis spoke of their prospective work as "the coming revival." From this great throbbing heart of the world we may hope that pulsations of divine influence will go forth to the ends of the earth. At Liverpool a large tabernacle is being erected for them, no hall in that great city being large enough for the throngs that will wait on their ministry.

WHO IS D. L. MOODY, the leader, under God, of this great religious awakening? He has always refused to give items of his biography, except the dates of his physical and spiritual birth; but through his personal and intimate friends I have become familiar with much of his history. A score of years ago we find him in

THE STREETS OF BOSTON, a poor, uneducated boy from the country, seeking to make a living. Some Christian worker brought him into Dr. Kirk's Sunday-school, and he was put in care of a faithful and sympathetic teacher. But he was so ignorant that when Bible passages were called for he could not find the places, and with the crimson blush of shame on his face he determined he would never come again. His teacher noticed his embarrassment, and without attracting the notice of the class found the places for him. This act of sympathy won the boy's love, and retained him in the class, and he remembers his teacher with grateful affection. We do well to remember this incident when we are tempted to despair of benefiting ignorant scholars. Some of them may be Moody's; all of them are immortal.

He was converted when about twenty, and soon after

WENT TO CHICAGO.

He was so uneducated and uncultured that he was cautioned against speaking in prayer-meetings, lest his mistakes should disturb others.

His heart was greatly moved to see so many boys on the street during the Sabbath, and he gathered a few of them into a mission class, and met them on Sabbath afternoons in an old hall. The number increased by the coming in of more poor boys and girls and their parents, until it became a mission school. I think it was at this time that he was visited by Mr. Reynolds, who gives the following description of his visit:—

"The first meeting I ever saw him at was in a little old shanty that had been abandoned by a saloon-keeper. Mr. Moody had got the place to hold a meeting in at night. I went there a little late, and the first thing I saw was a man standing up, with a few tallow-candles around him, holding a negro boy, and trying to read to him the story of the Prodigal Son, and a great many of the words he could not make out, and had to skip. I thought if the Lord can ever use such an instrument as that for His honor and glory it will astonish me. After that meeting was over, Mr. Moody said to me, 'Reynolds, I have got

ONLY ONE TALENT; I have no education, but I love the Lord Jesus Christ, and I want to do something for Him, and I want you to pray for me.' I have never ceased, from that day to this, morning and night, to pray for that devoted Christian soldier."

One talent, faithfully used, may grow to be not merely two, but ten.

SNOW-COVERED.

The First Snow-storm of 1874.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

The snow, the feathery, dainty snow! I watch its flakes as they come and go, Floating about in the murky air, Closely clinging to branches bare, Spectrally whirling without a sound, Chasing each other along the ground, Skimming the lake's clear bosom o'er, Building a rampart along the shore, Draping mountain and vale below 'Neath one slant coating of pure white snow.

The early snow is a gladsome sight, Robbing the bare, brown fields in white. We mourned last week over leafless trees, Sighing and sobbing in autumn's breeze; November's shadows lay dull and chill Over the pastures and on the hill; But a fairy mantle last night was woven, To hide decay from the eye of love; And winter to peaceful and dreamless rest Has folded earth on her loving breast.

There are new-made graves by the church-yard wall; The snow has silently covered them all. We laid our darling ones down to sleep, When turf above them was green and deep; We piled on their couches a wealth of flowers, And felt they still, in a sense, were ours; But autumn came, and his chilling breath Turned seeming sleep into certain death. Then, winter, thy guardian care we know Has covered our treasures warm with snow.

Dear mother earth, since sweet spring-time Thy mountains have echoed the voice of crime; As summer in beauty gilded by, Its balmy breathing bore many a sigh; At autumn's revealing thy fields have stood, All seemed with sorrow, all stained with blood, O, cover them up from our tear-dimmed sight, With their own seamless robe of white; And over the festering mass below Spread pure and smoothly the stainless snow.

Alas! this wearisome life of ours Is not a garden of summer flowers; For sordid uses, for purpose lost, The restless multitudes come and go; Squalor and poverty, grim and stark, Lie up mountains of refuse dark; And autumn's coloring, brown and sere, Is saddest of all the changing year.

Thank God that over this waste of woe He spreads His beautiful veil of snow. Thank God for promises of watchful care, Aloft in the snow-flakes, fill the air! Thank God, for nature new life will bring From winter's bosom ere she awakes; Fresh buds, green mosses and vines, we know Will spring new-born from the brooding snow.

And so, in that spring-time life above, Whose soil and breath and sunshine is love, Life, joy and beauty, and new delight Alone will gladden our raptured sight, And, all unseemliness left below, Lie buried forever beneath the snow.

Lord Christ! our summer and spring are gone; Our autumn evenings draw chill and lone; We gaze aghast at our own year, Where sin confronts us naked and drear; The walling sob of our wasted past; In fulfilment sweeps on the blast; In low prostration our guilt we own, And hear the call to Thy spotless throne, Saviour! great Saviour! before we go, Make us, though scarlet, as white as snow.

And we, in purple morning will stand, New-clothed immortals at Thy right hand; From spot or stain, be earth-stain free, Our chiefest glory to mirror Thee. No earthly fallow such work can show As ransomed spirit whiter than snow.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S ISMAILIA. BY REV. D. SHERMAN, D. D.

The fortunes of the African continent have been very singular. Civilization began there early, and after blazing for centuries on the northern coast her torch was borne to other lands, leaving this great section of our globe a blank in geography, a land of darkness and mystery. It was left to the geographers even of our own century to guess the physical structure of the interior of Africa. The statements of Herodotus, though childish, were about equal to those of his successors down to our day.

Civilization, after making the circuit of the globe, came back to illuminate the dark places of this forgotten land, and to discover the immense resources and possibilities contained in it. The lines of travel and exploration fringe the edges of it, and colonies which stand for civilization dot all sides of the map, while the *avant-couriers* of a new age penetrate the mysterious depths of the central lands. Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and

Leaving Khartoum Feb. 8, 1870, the expedition did not reach Gondokoro until April 15, 1871, having been detained nearly 14 months on the river. The long delay was occasioned by ob-

structions in the stream. The main channel was, in some places, completely blocked by the masses of rank vegetation brought down the stream, so that the river was lost in the swamp created by the obstructions. In other cases, where the rank growth did not form a dam, the river was completely covered, as by a huge mat, which had to be cut through in order to allow the ships to pass along the sluggish stream.

Arrived at Gondokoro, they found themselves in the field of duty. The slave traders had a post here, and Baker soon learned that Abou Saoud, the agent of Agad & Co., had spread disaffection among all the neighboring tribes against the expedition. The members of each clan regarded only themselves; they had no idea of a defense of the whole, and deemed it perfectly lawful to make raids on their neighbors. Hence the explorer found himself between two fires. The traders hated him, and did all they could to induce the natives to despatch him by violence.

In the face of these difficulties the work was begun. To start with, he raised the flag, and formally proclaimed before the people the annexation of the country to Egypt. Under the guns of the ship this procedure could not be resisted; but the moment he moved out among the villages of the Bari tribe he encountered the enmity and opposition of the people, inspired, as was believed, by the subtle influence of Abou Saoud. The attack made on his advance was, however, quickly repelled by their rifles, and the enemy was reduced to obedience; but it was found nearly impossible to obtain carriers for his baggage to the region of the Victoria Nile and Lake. They were not beasts of burden, and did not intend to aid the stranger to penetrate further into their territory.

After long delay and perplexity he secured transportation, and was able to pass up to the higher lands between the great lakes, and to enter into communication with the hill tribes, some of which were friendly, while others had been poisoned by the teachings of the slave traders, whose stations were scattered through the whole region. He proclaimed his mission, and gave orders that the hunt should cease; but at the same time, while professing to obey the order, Abou Saoud was collecting in the locality several hundred slaves to be sent to Khartoum.

At Masindi, the extreme point reached by Baker, the authorities seemed very supple, but were more subtle than he. The chief had been employed by Saoud to despatch the liberator, and accordingly, very soon after establishing himself near the village, an attack was made, and the camp was burned, obliging him to fly before the foe, and to meet a running fire for a hundred miles, till the camp left in the rear was reached. The wily Abou Saoud had nearly accomplished his purpose, but when called to account by the new pacha coolly denied the whole. Too clearly convicted to escape, he was sent to Egypt for judgment, and his men were enlisted into the army of occupation. The sense of Egyptian justice is seen in the fact that Abou was sent back as assistant to Col. Gordon, Baker's successor in Central Africa!

Though Baker did not succeed in launching his steamer on the lake, as he had hoped, the expedition proved a grand success. The slave trade was crippled, if not crushed, and the way opened for a stable government, which will bring commerce and civilization to develop a region that may in due time, under the proper regime, become a second Paradise. The hand of the ruler of Egypt may prove too feeble to hold the helm; but England is cautiously building an Anglo-African empire, which will, of improbably, in a later age embrace the whole continent, including even Egypt itself.

LIFE AND LITERATURE IN THE FATHERLAND.

BY PROF. GEORGE PRENTICE.

Under this title the genial and accomplished President of Drew Theological Seminary has added another to the multitude of books relating to Germany. It was a bold venture, for what was yet to be said about that interesting country? Germany has long been flooding America with orderly and industrious emigrants. We know her history, political and social condition, and her literature, better than those of any other Continental nation. There is no lack of works, old or new, touching the several years there, first as a student in the universities, and afterwards as Professor in our Missionary Theological Institute, and thus he felt a natural impulse to write a book. When the announcement of his volume was first made it did not seem probable that his venture would prove an unusual success.

On reading the book one finds himself at once interested. Placid Bremen is rendered in the opening chapters with a placidity which happily matches the slumberous old city. When I saw the author in his Steffenweg cottage, in 1868, with his American energy he was a marked contrast to the serene Germans about him. He employed some of his vacations in recuperating travel, and made notes of what he saw for subsequent perusal. A few sketches he had printed; the habit of telling his distant pilgrimages at the fireside gradually shaped portions of the volume; while memory and careful inquiries respectively gave the lighter and more serious material. Last year, between May and October, the book grew, found a publisher, and now is ready for buyers.

Should you buy the book? Really, I don't know. The buyer must be known, as well as the book, ere the serious matter of purchase can be advised. Of course it is not possible to know every body who reads the *HERALD*. Even its bland editor does not know half the multitude he weekly addresses. Perhaps the best thing will be to describe the book, and leave the buying to the reader.

Dr. Hurst has a fine range of topics: The Home, Schools, Books, Germany With Her Sword On, Knapsack and Alpenstock. Should he really succeed in treating these themes the book will be well worth reading. Some acquaintance with works of this sort leads me to say that I do not know where so many pleasant pictures and so much varied information about Germany will be found as are put together in these pages.

This is very true of the information contained in the chapters concerning schools and the book-business. Anybody who thinks of sending off his children for education in the Fatherland will here find much that he needs to know. He will also find serious advice as to the age and stage of education at which this step would be advisable—advice that he will do well to heed.

The facts recited in regard to the usages of the publishers and venders of books are fresh and interesting. Some of them could only have been derived from the book-men themselves. The pages devoted to travel will awaken the greatest interest. Dr. Hurst has been over the old routes and over many unusual ones. Few Americans visit Schiller's birthplace; few stray along in the Tyrol with such observant eyes as he carried to his task. Taking up this part of the book rather late, one evening, I read on involuntarily until the last pages were concluded. It is not a common thing for books to play such pranks with my hours of slumber.

If one tries to make out the attractions of the book he will not have far to seek. The style is admirable for its ends. Marked by no extravagances, no flourish of trumpets, it settles down upon the subjects treated like a transparent atmosphere. Everything is clear, simple, and easy to grasp. The variety of topics is great, but the writer has no apparent difficulty in bringing them out into lucid shape.

Dr. Hurst has shown rare good sense in the treatment of his topics. One half that is usually printed on these subjects is mere waste of good paper and valuable time; but the writer always says what you really wish to know, and, ere you are in the least wearied, he has glided on to something else. This unusual quality provokes a suspicion that he must have noted down the questions men were most wont to ask him, and stated the answer in the neatest form.

The author attempts nothing like wit, yet he often attains the effect of it. When he has some marvelous legend to relate the tale slips from his pen with such entire gravity that one might easily suppose a Hollander were reciting it for the edification of the faithful. Rarely does a careless word betray the smile that lurks around the author's lips as he narrates these wonders of tradition. Instances of this are the legend of the planting of Christianity at Heilbronn, and also that of the Chapel at Bottingen. The humorous effect is quiet, but irresistible.

LETTER FROM LEIPSIK. BY REV. H. C. SHELTON.

MR. EDITOR:—I have observed that feathers from flying wings stream into your office from every quarter. Permit me to contribute a specimen of Saxon plumage. It comes from the city and university which witnessed the sojourn and helped in the nurture of Leibnitz and Thomasius, of Goethe and Schiller, of Gellert, Klopstock and Mendelssohn, but borrows no coloring from these celebrities of the past, and is commended only by the theological hues of the present.

Three men represent Leipzig theology; Kahnis, Luthardt, and Delitzsch; a fourth might be Dr. Fricke. Kahnis' special department is Church History, but he expounds beside *Dogmatik*, *Synodikon* and *Cyclopaedia*. In personal appearance and address he is the typical Saxon, with his compact figure, red face and vigorous utterance. In his lectures Kahnis is always fresh, speaking with

unwearied zeal to an unwearied audience, largely off-hand, entirely independent of notes, occasionally with the flow and energy, if not the polish of real oratory. A good, strong realistic interest underlies his dealing with history. He has no sympathy with the history-makers who, like the school of Baur, spin their facts out of their presuppositions much in the same way that Schelling and Hegel have woven their philosophic myths. A good-natured sarcasm upon such procedure comes naturally into the humor with which he is somewhat fond of spicing his exercises.

A glance into the first volume of his *Dogmatik* creates a somewhat different impression from that of his lectures. One finds in his review of the Old Testament what theologians, in our country at least, would generally regard as unnecessary concessions to rationalistic criticism. Starting from quite a liberal view of Biblical inspiration, he seems to allow too much force to certain features of historical criticism which prevail with Ewald, Bunsen and the like, though his procedure is by many degrees more considerate and free from arbitrary assumption than theirs. It is evident, however, that these concessions do not arise from any love for rationalistic laxity, for he deplores critical vandalism, and allows no abatement from the full doctrinal significance of the Old Testament. His interpretation of the Mosaic sacrifices is more strictly in accord with the old orthodox standard than that of Keil or Delitzsch. To the theophanies also, and generally to Messianic prophecy, he awards as full a meaning as could be desired.

I have heard it said that at the publication of his *Dogmatik* he was not counted as altogether a white sheep in the Lutheran fold, partly owing perhaps to his view of the Eucharist, so diverse from Luther's mystical vagary. In one or two instances I have had occasion to forgive the genial Doctor for his misconception of Methodism. Such grace, however, is very easily extended; it is not time yet for Continental eyes to see through the mists of tradition, and discover that good can come out of Nazareth.

Luthardt is less of a Saxon in person than Kahnis, has more of polish and elegance in his address, and less of native heartiness. His special field is John's Gospel. His "Johannean Origin of the Fourth Gospel," just out, may be regarded as summing up his victorious achievements, as to the authenticity of this Gospel, against the destructive criticism of the Tübingen school, in a fair fight and an honorable victory. It is expected also that his new Commentary on the same Gospel will soon appear, in both English and German dress. Scarcely a German theologian of the present has a more orthodox bias or genuine love for Biblical supernatural religion than Luthardt.

More generally known in English and American circles than either of the above is the prince of the Hebrews, Dr. Delitzsch, a man of most genial temper, with sufficient love for the good opinion of others to enjoy his wide reputation. He is a superior example of a Christian rabbi, with just enough of the mystical in his composition for full sympathy with a corresponding element in the Jewish revelation. His Biblical psychology must convince all that the author had explored every nook and corner of Hebrew lore in the wide horizon of his comprehensive survey of revealed truth. Isaiah's Prophecy is one of his most favorite domains, and surely few better guides could be found to direct one's steps along the glowing summits of his Isaiah's vision. Those who hear his exegesis greatly enjoy his spiritual ardor and his warm repudiation of those who would apply to everything the poor measuring-scale of mere naturalism. He also happily escapes the common tendency of German theologians to bisect the prophet, and refers the whole book to a single author.

On the whole, a noble trio of theologians are Kahnis, Luthardt, and Delitzsch. One may be inclined to contend with them on individual points of theology and exegesis, but still he cannot refrain from admiring the genuinely Christian temper and ambition of the men. I hope I have not drawn too favorable a portrait. My conscience does not incline me to retract anything; yet I would add, by way of caution, for any one who is over hungry for a diet of German theology, that courses of lectures may be found in America which have a very favorable comparison with anything discoverable on this side of the water. The chief advantage of a sojourn here is the widening out of one's horizon by mingling in new scenes and by contact with a new type of thinkers.

Leipzig, Dec. 12, 1874.

The death of Christ must be recognized and credited. This is what captivates the heart, and kindles the fire that burns.—Gosner.

Many false teachers, who betray the world and fall into death-sleep, speak with bold front and without a sense of anger.—Lidd.

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DOCTRINAL PAPERS.

A PROTEST.

BY REV. L. D. BENTLEY.

[Concluded.]

The description and history of "Father Carpenter," as given by the Doctor, overthrows his whole theory of exceptions. He was but "a cypher in the Church," and of only "ordinary intellect, and very limited education," like most of the members of the Church now, for but few have a classical education; and yet, after he was "anointed of the Holy Ghost he immediately became a man of wonderful spiritual power," and "more than ten thousand souls were converted through his direct instrumentality." Now, here was a member of the Church that was not a successful soul-saver—that seemed to be a good man—that had only ordinary, or acquired abilities; but with the endowment of "power from on high," which all may have, he brought more souls to Christ than scores of such ministers as the Doctor describes as "full of the Holy Spirit," and "in the highest altitude of the higher life." Where in the Bible do we find men, described as "full of the Holy Ghost and of faith," that labored for the salvation of men as Christ directed, and were not instrumental in the conversion of some of them? It is said, I know, by those who deal more in religious anodynes and false comforts than in the stimulus and "arousments" of the Gospel that even Christ "did not many mighty works" in a certain place; but it doesn't say He did not do any; nor did He stay in that place two years!

If Samuel Rutherford had a grievous heart because he had not "one soul" as a seal of his ministry in Anorth, who was to blame? If he had made the same personal effort, in kind, that Father Carpenter did, with the same kind of faith, there would have been different results. Multitudes have gone and are going to hell for the want of personal effort, and faith in the agencies of the Gospel, and the promises, directions, and threatenings of God. Let every Methodist in the United States bring one soul to Christ during the next three months (and who cannot do it)? or so double our numbers during that time, and they do the same thing during the following three months, and thus double our numbers every quarter of the year, and in two years and a half the whole world will be converted. Who ought not to say, "I would the precious time redeem, And longer live for this alone— To spend, and to be spent for thee That have not yet my Saviour known; Fully on this mission prove, And only breathe to breathe thy love!"

Where in the Bible is there the first hint that "unusual success" in the exercise of "converting power" depended upon "a peculiar constitution of the sensibilities and personal magnetism, sanctified by the Holy Ghost?" The disciples of Christ, first the twelve, and then seventy others that He sent out to save lost men, were taken, so far as we know, indiscriminately from all classes of society. Did Wesley have "a peculiar constitution of the sensibilities and personal magnetism?" His story and his writings represent him as the opposite of this, if I have judged right; and Chalmers was like him. But what did they do when they received the power of an endless life in their souls? Whitefield had, no doubt, a peculiar magnetism in his voice; but it was not so with Edwards or Knapp, nor is it so with Finney or Coughley, or Earle. Finney is as cool, logical, and argumentative as the Apostle James; Coughley as determined to carry his point as General Grant was to conquer the rebels; and Earle is as quiet and as variable in expedients to accomplish his purposes, and as patient in the use of means, as Moses in connecting two continents by a telegraph wire. I never saw either of them shed a tear, or betray much emotion; but it was evident they had been with Jesus—had power with God, and "faith in God," and could say, with Charles Wesley,

"Faith, mighty faith the promise sees,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done.'"

Mr. Finney says, "all ministers should be revival ministers, and all preaching should be revival preaching;" "a minister should aim to convert his congregation;" "those are the best educated ministers who save the most souls;" "it is the great business on earth of every Christian to save souls;" "if the Church were to live only one week as it believed the Bible sinners would melt down before them." I understand the Doctor to teach that we are not to judge of a minister's success by the number of persons that are converted by his efforts and join the Church. This I hold to be a great heresy. It is not in harmony with Bible teaching, or the teaching of our Church, or the opinion of many of the best and greatest of men. Christ said, "by their fruits ye shall know them," and James asks, "what doth it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith and have not works? Can faith save him?" And our Discipline requires us to ask, in regard to those who desire to preach, "have they fruit?" that is, have souls been converted by their ministry? Mr. Wesley was very particular on this point, and so have been our "chief ministers," in the exercise of their powers in relation to this matter; and God grant the old custom and practice may continue.

Nor is it true to say that "the real power of a Church may decline under a revival preacher." If the Doctor's reasonings and statements are correct, then revivals had better cease; they are

a calamity; and revivalists should be discontinued. Let us hear the opinion of one "well qualified" by "long experience to be a safe adviser." Prof. Finney says, "nothing but a revival of religion can prevent the means of grace from doing a great injury to the ungodly;" "a revival of religion is the only possible thing that can wipe away the reproach which covers the Church, and restore religion to the place it ought to have in the estimation of the public;" and "there is no other way in which a Church can be sanctified, grow in grace, and be fitted for heaven;" "the great object of all the means of grace is to aim directly at the conversion of sinners." I might fill pages of similar quotations from his writings.

I myself have found souls seeking the Lord every few weeks, and prayed with them, for a space of twenty-seven years; and in proportion to the number of conversions, in every instance, the "hidings of His power" was evidently in the Church. Instances of opposition, disaffection, and indiscretion have occurred, it is true, in times of revival; but so far as my observation has extended, in every instance it was not with those that had much spiritual power. "If filled with the Spirit, you will be useful;" "you cannot help being useful" (Finney), and much people will be added to the Lord. The greatest of all the curses to the Church, that I have ever known, are those that have professed much religion but have not borne much fruit, either in personal godliness or persuasive power among sinners.

Again, the "ideal Christian Church," which the Doctor describes as "floating before most minds," he says "I have never seen," and yet it is an "ideal, toward which I am striving." But I am afraid he will die without the sight, unless he changes his faith and practice. It seems to me that his faith, in this respect, in its nature and expression, is like that of the person who prays to be holy, but never expects to be because he has never seen a person that is. If he will study the records of the Church at Oberlin, Ohio, he will find some facts that will help him. For more than a quarter of a century additions have been made at every communion season; and if he will come here I can show him another of a similar stamp, not many miles off. The description given by the Doctor of this ideal Church is such as I have never heard before, and sounds to me as though it was not written with as full a degree of that charity "which believeth all things" as it might have been, or as I had reason to expect of him.

I wish here to express my thanks to him for endorsing Dr. Finney's view in regard to the propriety, importance, and necessity of excitement "so long as the laws of the mind remain what they are;" and I hope he will continue to study his views of revivals till he adopts all of his ideas in regard to their necessity and importance, and becomes, as I am sure he may, a noted revivalist. Excitement of the right kind in religion is connected with a sense of responsibility, to a certain degree, for the salvation of men, and is followed by such efforts as result in the salvation of sinners. "I do not doubt," says Finney, "but that you may have sinners converted in every social prayer-meeting if you do your duty;" and "a man is responsible for all the good he can do." Now who dare say he has done all the good in the past year that he could? preached as faithfully and earnestly, conversed as often and as tenderly, prayed and travelled in soul as frequently, and exercised as much faith as he ought?

CORRESPONDENCE.

A FEW CHIPS FROM A WESTERN BASKET.

BY REV. G. S. DEARBORN.

Chips are chips, and if only of cotton-wood may furnish a cheap kindling for an editor's fire; or, if not entirely monopolized by him, may serve to rekindle a mutual interest and affection between the donor and his old time friends, the readers of the HERALD. But, so far as the editor is concerned, it is only a fractional payment of a great debt, for I am unable to compute the extent of being both warmed and fed by the old HERALD since coming to this "hub" of this great, growing land of ours. Mr. P. M. usually delivers my long cherished weekly visitor on Monday A. M., just the right time to indulge in a little feasting after the Sunday work and waste.

In the editorial changes that have taken place in the conduct of the HERALD since I first made its acquaintance, more than thirty years ago, when a boy preacher in "Upper Cohos" (or, to adapt my nomenclature to the moderns, Coos County, N. H.), I have sometimes had a little pious solicitude, not to say nervous anxiety, about the new links in the editorial succession; but the constantly growing worth and influence of the great organ of New England Methodism have set me completely at rest in that matter. A member of one of my former charges in New Hampshire often went to sleep under my ministry, annoying me a little, and causing a pleasant conversation between us on the subject. "O!" said he, "I consider you orthodox and all right, and can afford to sleep; but when Rev. — (the Universalist) comes I am always wide awake through the whole sermon, for I feel he needs watching." So I feel that I can take it easy, and rest now, well satisfied that the race of editors will never die out nor deteriorate.

But, my dear Doctor, I don't want you to think that I would have all this spread on that narrow space headed "ZION'S HERALD." I ought, in justice to my feelings, to pay my respects to your long and able list of home and foreign correspondents; and not the least to your predecessor, who, in going higher, has neither grown dizzy nor lost his individuality.

I want to thank Brother Knowles for the aid he furnishes me weekly in preparing my Sunday-school lesson. By the way, what a glorious arrangement is the "International Lesson" department, in most of its features! How it settles the question where the lesson is, and makes the stranger abroad in any Sunday-school at once to feel at home, throws the designated Scriptures under the theological glasses of the highest magnifying power in Protestantism, unifies Sunday-school work, and the Churches as well, and employs the best minds of Christendom in the construction of a curriculum of sacred studies for our young people.

But, not to turn circuit, simply a querist, is not the division of lessons, especially for December, a little too much on the cramping order? Is it wise to "do up" Christ and the apostles—the introduction of Christianity—by a "lightning train" across the prominent mountains of Mark, leaving all the beautiful valleys and nooks and streams in the lands covered by the titles of the other evangelists scarcely noticed, and altogether unexplored? As average superintendents and teachers use these lessons, will not our children and your people think they are well-read when they have scarcely mastered the alphabet? Will they not, in the use of the present method, be led into many hurtful blunders in relation to Scripture history, and into superficial views of doctrines? But these impertinent questions may brand me with "foginess," and I will return from this digression to the circle of your contributors.

It may seem invidious, but I feel like presenting my thanks to Dr. Steele and Rev. Mr. Dunn for "Doctrinal Papers," especially on "Revivals"—to Mallalieu for "The Missionary Secretariat"—to the collectors of temperance items—to all who impart cheer by the revival and other interesting facts in regard to New England Churches—to Dr. Trafford for his dyspepsia antidote—"in measure," or out of measure—and last, but not least, to B. P. Shillaber for his ingenious poem for the times, "What Is It To Me?" "Mr. Essayman" is omnipresent on "this country, and I wish Mr. S. would come out with a few more skinning lectures to him, take the platform, and help "smoke him out."

Apologies to this subject, I would say I have just found a new text for a physiological temperance lecture. In sinking a caisson for a pier of the bridge to cross the Missouri river at this point, workmen have to descend and excavate beneath the caisson at the depth of some fifty feet, to let it down on to the bed rock. They work three hours at a time, with an air pressure upon them of 25 to 30 pounds to the square inch. One of the engineers told me, last week, that no man who uses alcoholic liquors, or has used them recently, could be employed there in safety; he could not stand the pressure. Necessity compels them to found those solid piers with gangs of temperance men.

Atchison, Kas., Dec., 1874.

LETTER FROM IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Nov. 28, 1874.

I know it will gladden the Lord's remembrances in America to hear how wondrously He is answering prayer for this city and country in general.

Your readers know that the most pernicious skepticism was very lately propagated in Belfast by some of the great oracles of science, who hesitate not to ignore the being and Book of God, and would reduce the whole phenomena of matter and mind to an undefined, irrational theory of fortuitous atoms. Botanists say that generally in the vicinity of noxious plants their proper antidote may be found; and scarcely had these dangerous principles been propounded when God sent the truest remedy by Messrs. Moody and Sankey, who I am sure are well known in America. By the wondrous blessing of the Holy Spirit they soon rekindled the faith of the Church and community in a personal, prayer-hearing God, and in a conscious, experimental religion. Wondrously did the Lord unite the hearts of His people in prayer and effort for the revival of His work, and soon this Athens of our country was moved by the breath of Heaven, Christians quickened into a higher life, and hundreds savingly converted. Still it spreads and grows, "ever mighty to prevail." These honest brethren then spent a week in Derry, where like glorious blessings followed their labors, and hundreds were brought to Jesus, and many raised up to hold the maiden city for King Emmanuel. On last Patrick's day we of this city joined many thousands throughout Christendom to pray for Ireland; and on that occasion some of us received a most profound conviction that these petitions would be answered; and now, thank God, it has come in floods upon the dry ground.

All the Presbyterian and Methodist, and many of the Episcopal ministers joined in a request to our beloved brethren Moody and Sankey to visit Dublin. A large committee of ministers and laymen was formed, and arrangements made for a grand assault on this capital of the country and stronghold of Popery and sin. It was truly wonderful how God united all our hearts in this effort, and how mon-

ey, to the amount of some thousands of pounds, flowed in to our treasurer. Lords, baronets, colonels, and men of distinction came up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, willingly performing the humblest services as ushers and attendants on the mighty crowds. Our magnificent Exhibition Palace was rented at about £120 per week, and fitted up at a cost of £200 more. On Sunday, October 18th, our beloved brethren opened their commission at four o'clock P. M. to a congregation of fifteen thousand. It was truly solemn and sublime to view that vast multitude, held in profound silence while Brother Sankey's powerful and melodious voice rolled along the vaulted dome "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." Then Brother Moody, like a good and brave soldier of Christ, boldly proclaimed the Gospel, not in word only, but in demonstration of the Spirit and power.

We separated, feeling that the campaign had opened in earnest; and Christian men and women flung themselves with one heart into the conflict. A mid-day prayer-meeting has been held daily, attended by two thousand people, in our Metropolitan Hall, in which Christian ministers and people joined heartily to bear to the mercy seat hundreds of requests sent in. After these "sweet hours of prayer" Brother Moody usually delivered one of his Bible readings, or lectures, when the doctrines and characters of the blessed old Book stood out with a freshness and power that thrilled every heart. One most remarkable and successful practice of our brethren was to draw the net ashore at the close of each sermon, by holding inquiry-meetings, where anxious souls are invited to meet them, with the ministers and other accredited workers, for conversation and prayer; and it was a sight to rejoice angels sometimes to see six or eight hundred earnest seekers asking, "men and brethren, what must we do?" Night after night scores were brought into glorious liberty.

Multitudes came from the Provinces to attend these services, and I know of whole families who have been saved, and returned to their own homes to tell what great things the Lord had done for them; and already many towns and villages have caught the flame.

Many of the Romish priests have attended these services, often masked in other garb, doubtless in most instances as spies on the hundreds of their flock, who, in spite of remonstrances and threats, came to hear the Gospel preached and sung with a power which they never heard before. We know of some remarkable conversions from among these; also infidels, harlots, and drunkards, whose case seemed the most unlikely and hopeless in the whole community. Along with several other ministers of the committee, I have been engaged for hours daily, giving tickets to the converts for our closing meeting; and never shall I forget the blessed and joyous testimonies of hundreds of these new-born souls.

Great numbers have been converted, and have left for their homes throughout the kingdom, who are not enumerated; but fully two thousand assembled on last Wednesday evening, in one part of the building, to listen to the parting address of Moody; and it was a sight never to be forgotten to see the crowds of happy souls, of all ranks and ages, standing up to sing, "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

Surrounded by more than seven hundred ministers and nine thousand others, who had come for the occasion. Truly it raised the happiness of heaven. I hope to give you fuller details again, but just mention one special result of this work of God. Two thousand ministers of the various Protestant denominations throughout the kingdom were invited to attend the three last great days of the feast; cheap railway fares were secured for them; and the friends of Dublin, with even more than their wonted hospitality, offered to entertain them at their homes. Many would not, and many could not come; but nearly eight hundred of us spent three of the happiest days of our lives together, planning and praying for the salvation of our country. Such a sight was never before witnessed in this land of sectarian strife, when all hearts were melted into love for Christ and each other; and we parted with the pledge and watchword on our lips, "Ireland for Christ." Our beloved brethren Moody and Sankey have gone to open their mission in Manchester, followed by the prayers and blessings of thousands of loving hearts. We cannot help feeling lonely and bereaved, but must look all the more to Jesus only.

O, will the Lord's people in America continue to plead all the more for poor Ireland in this day of her gracious visitation? I am, dear Mr. Editor, Very sincerely yours, EDWARD BEST.

CHURCHES IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The writer has recently returned from New Hampshire, and while there was pained to see the weak and feeble state of the Churches. Not only in our own, but in the "Free Baptist," which is relatively the strongest in that neighborhood, the depressed condition of the village Churches is painfully apparent. The young men, those at least of enterprise, leave their native towns for the sea-board cities and manufacturing towns, or emigrate to the West. They will not stay to scratch a living off these cold and stony hills. "The strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed." Deserted houses and farms,

growing up to woodland, are the result in secular matters; while the neglected exterior and the uninviting interior of the meeting-houses tell too surely that, with the loss of men, those remaining have lost the power or the ambition "to make the place of His rest glorious." I attended one Sunday-school, of perhaps a dozen members, all told, held in a deserted Church. A lady, hardly old enough to be called middle-aged, assured me that she had seen that Church crowded, Sabbath after Sabbath, while a throng was gathered about the outside, who listened to the preached word through the open windows. Now, no Church, no minister. I attended a "quarterly meeting" in another town, where the presence of a favorite Presiding Elder and able ministers did not suffice to fill the small, cheerless sanctuary. These Churches are reported as growing weaker year by year. The people are poor, and can afford but a pittance for the minister. The result can be easily foreseen, unless some steps are taken to forefend it; the stated preaching and the regular minister must be given up, and the people relapse into godlessness or semi-barbarism.

Cannot something be done by returning to the old "Circuit" system? If several of these Churches could be formed into a Circuit, and the present salary be continued from each, they might be supplied by comparatively able men. What can a minister be, what can he hope for, with a salary, say of \$3000, grudgingly and tardily paid? The bare effort to live must engross his thoughts, while his pecuniary situation precludes all hopes of books or magazines.

Speaking of magazines reminds me that the Presiding Elder urged upon the people the necessity of subscribing for and reading our Church papers. Afterwards, talking with one who knows the people well, he told me he doubted if a single copy of ZION'S HERALD was taken in that Church. This was probably not strictly correct; but even if it be an approach to truth it is a terrible thing to think of. A Christian Church in these days with no religious papers! So it goes on—weak Churches, ignorant, unenlightened, spiritless members! a minister regularly sent there by Conference to be stultified and starved in body and mind! To say that these Churches shall die out, is not Gospel doctrine; to say that they shall not be allowed to appropriate the services of men who, if allowed any chance to grow, might become great and strong men, but who, under this dispensation, must be made or kept small and weak, is an injustice to the ministers, to the Church at large, and to the cause of Christ. Something ought to be done to save the Churches and the ministers.

J. COSDEN.

AN APPEAL FROM LOUISIANA.

Rev. Dr. Rust has just received the following communication, giving the salient features of the Freedmen's enterprise at Baldwin, La., and it is our firm and unalterable conviction that money can be no better invested than in this grand and philanthropic movement of our Church.

Will not the people contribute for the education and salvation of souls in this needy locality, and thus add stars of rejoicing to their crowns in glory? Brother Henry Green, of Baldwin, La., a colored man in charge of a Church there, speaks of the imperative and growing needs of their position in the following letter:—

"I have embraced the present opportunity to give you some idea of our situation here, and if possible to convince you of our immediate need of aid. We are all thirsting for knowledge, looking for you to return the teacher you sent us last year, and praying for the liberality of the Church in our behalf. A great many children at the two plantations and in our neighborhood are growing up in ignorance, superstition and vice, and if they are saved for Christ and usefulness they must be snatched as brands from the burning.

The teacher you sent us last year looked carefully after the spiritual and temporal interests of these children, and it does seem a pity that the work should stop here. Our people, however, are too poor to contribute anything, in the shape of money, towards the support of a teacher; so, whatever is done for us will, of course, have to be done wholly at your expense. The most of our hard-working men and women have been working for five and six months, and have not been able to get a single dollar in payment for their services. The most of the white people have not any money, or at least they do not declare, and can only pay them in food and clothing, and even those in meager quantities. We take up a collection in our Church every Sunday, but very rarely do we get as much as twenty cents.

We have services five times a week, and are doing all we can to save the people's souls, if we do have to get along without money. My salary is only \$200 a year, on which I have a family of four to support. I visited a place in this neighborhood, a few days since, where I found some forty children growing up in ignorance and uncleanliness, and sadly needing instruction. The teacher they had last year they were compelled to pay with corn, potatoes and peanuts. He very soon got tired, and left without warning or ceremony. I have lived in this country for the past forty-five years, but never have I seen the trying and distressing times through which we are now passing. Cannot something be done to relieve us? Our trust is in God, and on

prayers are that help may come to us from the Methodist Church North."

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

Our annual Convention was held this year at Westfield, Dec. 8th, and was a decided success, save in the attendance from abroad.

Brother Vinton conducted Bible reading by topics. The essay by Brother Richards was, as might be expected, a capital paper on superintendents. Brother Burlingham spoke well on finances. Brother Stratton enlarged ably upon the Sunday-school as a Church service. The teacher's preparation and teacher's work were thoughtfully and effectively discussed by Brothers Richardson and Thorndike. The question box, opened by Dr. Twombly, at the close of both morning and afternoon sessions, was full of spice and excellence.

The evening addresses were wise and timely words by Brother Gordon, on temperance, a fine address by Brother Cass on home and the Sunday-school, and last and best of the day the admirable address by Brother Hubbard, who served as president of the convention, upon how to increase the influence and spirituality of our schools. The interest in the convention increased to the close.

Resolutions were passed with reference to the death of Brother J. A. De Forest, providing also for a better preservation of the records of these conventions, also for better reports from the different schools, and arranging for the next annual convention.

A less pretentious gathering was held at Belchertown, Nov. 20th, which was well enjoyed and profitable. More of such gatherings, with missionary meetings and other similar assemblages, are in preparation. The note of revival deepens as winter settles upon us.

From Heath the most cheering tidings reach us. The work so auspiciously begun a few weeks since goes on with increasing power. Sixty conversions are reported, and still they come. It is a glorious winter for Heath. May the fire burn all around! Good tidings greet us at several points. May faith and zeal lead on to victory.

"BILLY BRAY."

I was much interested in the two articles in the HERALD upon William Bray. Some years ago, when laboring in Carroll County, Maryland, I became acquainted with some miners who frequently referred to Bro. Bray, and gave me several incidents of his life not given in said paper.

On one occasion with a little money he started to purchase needed provision. On his way he met one in very needy circumstances, to whom he gave all he had, and returned home with an empty basket. He told his wife that the Lord would supply them. Before they suffered from hunger some one sent them twice the amount of provision the money bestowed in Christ's name would have bought.

Once, having an appointment to preach on Sabbath, he left the pump he was ordered to attend in the hands of God, though ordinarily with strict pumping the mine was scarcely kept from flooding. The next morning, with none but God at the handle, it was perfectly dry.

He once built a church that was much needed. In soliciting aid he applied to some fishermen, who assured him they had caught nothing for several days. He bargained with them for a third of what the Lord would send them in answer to his prayers. He went to praying, and they to fishing, and his share was sold for thirty pounds.

When the building was ready to roof, he engaged a workman to put it on. When the man came he saw no materials, and asked for them. Bray said he had bought none, as he was out of money, and that no man had promised any, but God had. Whilst the conversation was holding a teamster drove up with a gift from an unknown man of sufficient needs to make the roof.

If modern building committees had such faith, would many of our fine Methodist churches be so handsomely adorned with mortgages? Rather, had they that same faith, would they build so extravagantly? Would not common sense and Christian simplicity be the controlling influence?

G. W. BURNS.

Gilman, Ill., Dec. 14, 1874.

Our Book Table.

Mr. Charles Nordhoff's last work leads him out into quite a new line of observation, and in many respects, quite a fresh and remarkable one to many of its readers. While the general belief and habits of two or three socialistic communities were pretty well known, few probably have had any clear idea of the dozen other semi-religious and economical associations of a like character in this country. Out of his personal observations among them, and a careful perusal of their singular literature, Mr. Nordhoff has prepared his work, which Harper & Brothers publish in a beautifully printed and finely illustrated octavo of 489 pages. It is entitled, *THE COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES*, and records visits and observations among the Zorastrians, Shakers, the Amana, Oneida, Bethel, Aurora, Icarian, and other societies. It presents fully and clearly the creeds, religious rites, industries, and present condition of these strange, and in some instances immoral communities. It affords the best possible argument against socialism, and profits, indirectly at least, one of the strongest illustrations of the necessity in our constitution, the beauty and the harmonizing and refining power, of monogamic marriages, by the results of the lack or perversion of it. The volume finds an unoccupied space in our literature, and is most interesting by the personal incidents and observations of its accomplished writer.

and by the illustrative cuts with which it is freely illustrated.

REMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, with Notes on India and the Cashemire Himalayas. By P. V. N. Myers, A. M. Illustrated, octavo, pp. 63. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale in Boston by Lee, Shepard & Co. This volume is dedicated to the memory of the author's brother, the late Henry M. Myers, who was known as an enthusiastic naturalist, and the writer of "Life and Nature Under the Tropics." He had been previously sent out twice upon a natural history expedition in South and Central America by the Lyceum of Williams College, and the inspiring results of these tours awakened a desire to visit the Himalayas of India. His brother, the author of the present volume, had heretofore accompanied him, and was now his companion. That he was prepared for what followed is made evident by the letters he wrote to his brother when entering upon the new project: "If we fall by the way," he says, "will it not be preparing ourselves for better work?" They passed together through Syria, Babylonia and Persia, and commenced the examination of the Himalayas and the antiquities of India, when the elder brother was stricken down with fever, and died of the island of Ceylon, whither they hastened, to revive if possible his shattered health. The survivor, using their common notes, has prepared this interesting account of their tour and observations. The ground is now somewhat frequently traversed over; but with the Syrian, Mesopotamian, and Persian portion of it we are not so familiar. The volume is not an accumulation of the ancient and modern literature covering the storied scenes of their visits, in the desert, along the Tigris, upon the Persian Gulf, among the people of Cashmere and India, but is a clear record of what was seen near Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, Bagdad, and Persepolis, with enough of the previous historical associations lingering around them to make the description of the present desolations to be appreciated. The volume is particularly adapted for popular circulation, and will afford a delightful resource for the evening's entertainment in family reading.

GREEN BLUFF is quite a touching and well-written temperance story. Its author is Rev. C. B. Holding. It is published by J. W. McIntyre, St. Louis, Mo. The proceeds of this excellent volume are devoted to the support of a blind person. It tells, in a natural story, true to fact, illustrating the temporal and moral misery, the poverty, crime, and anguish following the introduction of a licensed liquor saloon into a county town. It is a wholesome book to circulate and read.

Harper & Brothers publish, in a very handy form, the late remarkable paper of Hon. W. E. Gladstone, upon the VATICAN DECREES IN THEIR BEARING ON CIVIL ALLEGIANCE. In the preceding octavo they have also given a compendious history of the Vatican Council, by Dr. Philip Schaff, with the Latin and English text of the Papal Syllabus and the Vatican Dogmatic Decrees. It shows an intelligent apprehension of what careful readers would desire in reading Mr. Gladstone. They naturally seek to refresh their memories with the documents referred to by the great ex-Premier; and here they are, in an authentic form.

Ex-President Laurens P. Hickok, D. D., LL. D., is devoting his hours of leisure from university life in developing his psychological system, and arraying the materialistic and skeptical theories of the day. His last volume, published by Lee & Shepard, is entitled *THE LOGIC OF REASON, UNIVERSAL AND ETERNAL*. Dr. Hickok, presenting the views of Hegel, on the one hand, appreciating the substance of truth in the transcendental philosophy, and also its perversion to monstrous error, and of Spencer's doctrine of physical force, with its illogical outcome in evolution, on the other hand, seeks to develop the philosophy of the golden mean. It is for metaphysical critics to say whether he has succeeded. To study the volume is of itself a wholesome exercise in mental gymnastics.

THE UGLY-GUY PAPERS; or, Hints for the Toilet. Reprinted from "Harper's Bazar," New York: Harper & Brothers. The first of this series is a complete family Bible, containing full and complete marginal notes and references; the Apocrypha, Concordance, and Psalms in metre; a history of all the religious denominations of the world; a late and improved Bible Dictionary—the whole forming a concise Bible, cyclopaedia, history and analysis, compiled from the writings of the most eminent divines and Biblical scholars, with over two hundred beautiful engravings, illustrations, and maps on steel, wood, and in colors. Here is the entire Bible, printed in plain, elegant type, on the best of paper, bound in the most substantial and attractive style, with perfect and comprehensive aids to its study, most profusely illustrated, and at a price bringing it within the reach of nearly every family.

They have also issued the HISTORY OF ALL THE RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF THE WORLD, by Rev. Newton Brown, D.D., well known as the editor of the "Encyclopaedia of Religious Knowledge." This work contains a general view of the origin, history, and condition of the various sects of Christians, the Jews and Mohammedans, the Pagans, forms of religion existing in the different countries of the earth, with sketches of the founders of the various religious sects, from the best authorities. Much of the original work was prepared by Vincent L. Milner, and is improved and brought down to the present time by Mr. Brown. It contains much valuable information—information with every family needs—and in this concise, compact form, is easily accessible. As a book of reference it is invaluable.

NEW MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston: "The Flower May Hide Its Lovely Face," song for contralto or bass voice, by George Osgood; "Souvenir," for piano, by Ernest Perabo; "Colonne Waltzes," by Johann Strauss; "Farewell to June," by Beethoven's last composition; "Fog Elms," by Beethoven; "Bastille Leaves," by Gustave Lange; "Curfew Chorus," nocturne, by A. E. Warren; "Angel Adored," romance, by Jules Benedict; "Sancta Maria," song, music by J. Laure; "Salve Regina," song, for baritone or contralto, by Dudley Buck; "O, Touch Not the Wine-cup, Dear Brother!" temperance song, music by Henry Tucker; "The Bird and the Cross," song, by J. L. Molloy.

Published by G. D. Russell: "Dearest Mother, Kind and True," music by George Sand; "Bright Angels are Calling," song, by Cha. Blake.

The Christian

THE FREEDMEN

The Seventh Annual Freedmen's Aid Society Church convened at 1874, Bishop Foster presided, a good attendance was present. The report of Dr. Ing Secretary, was proved. There were a total sum raised of four cents per member. The Board, after fixing upon the sum, least amount demanded, cut of this workmen during the year was done without any extended enlargement, but a vigorous support inaugurated. Only of the estimated year had been raised, city embraced \$17,778.

The following of for 1874-75: Fresh Foster; Vice-Presidents, Hagans, Hon. W. J. Goodrich; Correspondent, Rev. R. S. Rust, Secretary, Rev. J. Treasurer, Rev. L. Assistant Treasurer, son, D. D. Ex-Luke Hitchcock, J. DeCamp, J. M. Wal E. Wentworth, F. S. kle, C. O. Edwards. Dr. Rust was such clerical service circumstances, from suggest.

It was Resolved, to increase the Society, and the Com tary was directed to expenses within the

MISSIONARY

BY REV. R. S.

Resolutions passed Preachers' Meeting.

Resolved, 1. That visit of the King Islands to our country great interest, come a nation which the lowest state of civilization within about fifty years, veried to God through the missionaries for Foreign first missionaries sent Oct. 22, 1819, and after than five months, March following, the Islands, where they in its most revolting time 70,000 have been added to the Church the nation brought of intellectual a ture.

2. That it is with welcome the King Islands to our country, amination of our conditions; and we be rendered exceedingly respects to himself, vident to the best interest he represents.

DEMAND FOR MIS

The pressing demand for more missionaries is not for more missionaries, China, India, South Italy, and indeed all missions, such call deep sense of need, sionaries see the op tudes persisting for instruction, and they and at once. The sionary Society is, in and in debt, and we to the foreign field. professed followers of the Missionary Society necessity of such a sad and humiliating say, We cannot see Church will not s What shall be done? opportunities to bri Christ? We have free contribute for ourselves, and confer millions ready to pe

JAPAN.—In no work is there a more than in Japan. The 33 Protestant missions representing the Congregationalist, Episcopalian, Reformed, Presbyterian, English Episcopal American Woman's Society has four la- them physicians. Th is doing a great pr that country. Nativ have the entire char vice two evenings a recent conv ununsual talent and p

SOUTH CENTRAL A Frere's favorable acq has awakened an opening a mission th Wesleyans, where easily accessible to

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

The name of each subscriber is printed on the paper sent every week, and the date following the name indicates the year, month, and day to which it is paid. If this date does not correspond with payments made, the subscriber should notify the publisher immediately.

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ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1875.

The National Baptists a capital article from the pen of Dr. L. P. Dobbs, showing how one Sunday-school was saved from being "talked to death" by its superintendent. The doctor visited a flourishing school. Its exercises opened promptly, without an audible voice; the hymn was silently placed on the blackboard, and sung; a teacher, previously designated prayed; another hymn was sung, arranged in the same manner, and at once then, with no word from the superintendent, the classes entered upon their recitations. A slight tap of the bell brought the school to order at the close. The doctor expressed his admiration for a teacher at the quiet order and studiousness exhibited, and asked how this marvelous silence and earnestness had been attained. He was led to the superintendent, and requested to propose the question to him. Beginning to say that he had never seen the like in his life, the superintendent quietly shook his head, and lifting a little slate, wrote upon it the words: "I am a deaf mute!" Dr. D. turned to his friend for an explanation. He had been talked to death, he said, in substance, by previous superintendents. It seemed impossible for an average man to avoid the error, so we chose a mute, who is an accomplished Christian gentleman. The amusing fact has a moral to it, but we need not tell it; it tells itself!

Nobody doubts that children are abused; some, indeed, in very respectable families; more among the Arabs of our streets. But organized societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, as has been done in New York, seems to be making a very fine point. Why not establish another society to prevent husbands from abusing their wives? another to keep masters from cruelty towards their apprentices? farmers from injuring bound boys? and the mistresses of houses from oppressing their help? We are multiplying these organizations until they become as burdensome as the frogs of Egypt. Every preventive, reformatory and orphan institution; every policeman, tract distributor, and practical Christian has in hand the duty of preventing cruelty to children. Good legislation, good schools and Christian missions are all seeking this. Let us not break down all personal charity by these myriads of institutions. Such societies, like insurance companies, are becoming simply comfortable retelling places for superannuated ministers, failed merchants or shiftless men. Take care indeed of the little ones; look them up; but let it not be done by machinery. It is just what our Christian men and women need personally, to look after these exposed lambs.

How affecting to read again, what so often happens, one more record of the general tendency to delay too long the work we propose to do in life. The late Hon. Alvah Crocker, of Fitchburg, a most estimable and generous man, a short time since destroyed his will, designing to make a different disposition of his immense property. He waited day after day before settling himself about it, and death came to him in an unexpected moment. His wishes could not be carried out. We have in our minds a number of friends with whom we personally conversed while living, who were proposing in a few days to arrange their property in accordance with their own mature judgment; but death was impatient, and their estates did not go to their intended objects. This matter should be attended to at once, calmly, prayerfully, and with proper advice, so that the wishes of the donor may not fall through informality, of being realized. Better make the will before sleeping.

HOW TO REACH THEM.

The Boston Traveller, in a short and suggestive editorial, remarks upon the fact that many able and earnest ministers in the city are preaching to small congregations while there are thousands of persons habitually neglecting public worship. The multitudes are absent, not because they would not be heartily welcomed into the Churches, at least many of them, if they came, nor from any established conviction in their own minds that they could not readily obtain seats if they wished to avail themselves of them. They probably think very little about the matter, or have fallen into a confirmed habit of neglecting the house of God, or they have a positive dislike for revealed religion as preached from Christian pulpits.

The Traveller refers to the fact that the erection of chapels by wealthy Churches for the accommodation of the poorer classes goes but a little way towards relieving the difficulty; the masses still are not reached by these. The editor is confident that there must be a solution of the problem—that Christianity is still the power of God unto salvation, and equal to all the demands upon it; and he barely escapes propounding what seems to us the very clue to this painful enigma.

Nothing is more evident than that simply building churches and chapels will not accomplish the work. They may be made perfectly comfortable, and even tasteful; they may have excellent preaching in their pulpits. Still the masses will not be reached. In the north portion of this city there are now four or five very pleasant, comfortable Protestant houses of worship

open upon the Sabbath. A few years ago there were three or four others, which have been closed, as their membership had largely removed to other portions of the city, and the congregations had fallen away. There is a population, however, remaining, and new people enough to fill all the churches, and more. The remaining Protestant houses of worship have excellent ministers in their pulpits. They are plain edifices, and plainly dressed people attend their services. Everybody is welcomed. Posters and other advertising agencies are used to draw worshippers into these churches; but their vacant spaces are not occupied, and the masses at North End are not largely reached. Now, if as favorable material to operate upon as the population of North End were to be found in Japan, India, Mexico or Italy, what a hopeful field of labor it would be accounted! If, in addition, comfortable churches were already constructed, what large expectations of success would be excited, and doubtless be realized. Why may we not, near our own door, close to the base of supplies, where the expense is so much lessened, and the incident sacrifices so much smaller, expect as positive results, and secure as large success?

Are we not, along this line of thought, approaching a probable solution of this painful problem? They do not in these fields of missionary toil simply build chapels and invite the people to them, but they go, with the utmost perseverance and Christian zeal, from one individual to another, laboring with each until he is disciplined, and then there is no difficulty in securing his attendance upon divine worship. And this is not merely the work of the minister, accomplished in a few domestic visits, but every new convert becomes a fresh evangelizing force, and is immediately sent out into the field, by constant endeavor, one by one, to win others to the Lord Jesus. The work of winning souls is chiefly accomplished by individual efforts outside of the pale of the sanctuary. And this is in accordance with the original commission. The world was not called by our Lord to the Church, but His disciples were sent to the world to preach the Gospel to every creature.

In the early days of our domination in New England the work accomplished was largely of this description. It is only within the last half century that any but the plainest and most uninviting houses of worship had been provided. It was not an ordinary cross even to attend upon public worship in the rough edifices where the Methodists conducted their Sabbath exercises; but the masses were reached all around these uninviting chapels, and even when the public services were held in school-houses and private homes. It was the hand-to-hand work, the direct approach to individuals, the constant inspiration breathed into every new convert to go out after the impenitent members of his family, or into his circle in life, bearing the precious offers of the Gospel.

If the young Christian men and women of our city would first secure a fresh dispensation of the Holy Spirit upon their own hearts, and then go devoutly, generously, and with the wisdom God gives in answer to prayer, toward their friends and neighbors, now refraining from attendance upon the worship of the sanctuary, and out into portions of the city where the masses are, scattering tracts and offering kindly invitations, can any one doubt that the most marked results would follow? If the great body of the Christian membership of Boston made the evangelization of its outlying people a chief object in life, and carried Christ with them wherever they went among them; if personal invitations were made to those that do not attend upon public worship to come and occupy the pew of the invited; if special hours of the Sabbath were set apart to visit and enter upon personal conversation with those whose attention might be secured, and to express kindly Christian sympathies in words and acts of benevolence among irreligious families; if bodies of religious people were willing to go where the masses are, and upon suitable occasions where a hearing can be obtained, preach an experimental Gospel, — the masses certainly would be reached, and there is every reason to believe that larger results would follow than can be hoped for in any foreign mission field.

Dr. Chalmers' plan, which he so successfully carried out in Glasgow and Edinburgh, was to go himself, with a few of his pious members, into the very worst portions of these cities — into the very dens of robbers and murderers, and to open up his mission in their own habitations. As soon as a few became converted the rooms in which they were assembled were enlarged; and finally their own redeemed energies and increased means were developed, until the new converts themselves, with small aid, were enabled to provide such edifices for worship as they desired. In this way he worked on, from the lowest point of degradation, until he had the indescribable satisfaction of seeing West Port, the haunt of the assassin Burke, a part of Edinburgh "lost to all the decencies of a civilized life," changed into a fruit-bearing Christian field. The account of his remarkable experiment and success ought to be published as a tract, and widely read.

Only personal work on the part of Christian men and women will permanently fill the churches. A remarkable preaching gift will draw a large class of hearers; but they at once drop away when the sensation in the pulpit is exhausted. The masses can

only be reached with salvation by being actually touched with a loving, Christian hand. It is not pleasant work; it is easier to support a missionary or to build chapels; but the world will not be moved until the individual be reached and renewed by the Gospel. It is, after all, a question of personal consecration, and not of meeting houses.

THE ITALIAN ELECTIONS.

The peculiar character of the new Italian Parliament, resulting from the elections of November last, and the whole elective process in that country, is so peculiar as to challenge our attention and criticism. In the body itself there is a fair conservative majority for the government, so that it can proceed with its projected measures without fear of being deserted; but we venture to say that the way in which this majority, and indeed, for that matter, the entire assembly is obtained, is quite unique in political annals.

It seems that the Italians never expect to finish their election on the first trial, and therefore have two regularly appointed days, about a week apart — the latter openly to finish the work that they know will be half done on the first trial, and for the reason that the Italian election law requires for legitimacy that the elected candidate must receive at least one-third of the votes of all the legal electors — a thing that does not always happen, because in some places not one fourth of these appear at the polls on the first day, and therefore not more than one-third of the deputies to the present House were elected on that day. The great battle came off a week later, the first trial having been a sort of skirmish, to make a test of strength and give a general indication of the "lay of the land." But even then it was difficult to bring out votes enough in all the districts to insure a final and definitive election.

This indifference of voters to the privilege of suffrage is beginning to attract considerable attention, and there is a very general conviction that there should be more or less of them, with a view to have them take some little interest in the matter, and dispel this political indolence which threatens to retard the progress of the State in its desired developments. The right of suffrage in Italy is quite restricted, and those who possess it are technically known as "official Italy," and to them is relegated the responsibility of government by means of Parliament. Those only are entitled to rank as voters who pay a direct tax of five francs, and in this way, of twenty-seven millions of people, but about five hundred thousand do the voting and ruling; and, as it appears, even these answer the call of the government with great indifference and lukewarmness.

In theory an immense amount is made of the inestimable privilege, and in practice it is hardly possible to bring a legal number to the polls. It seems that before the election it is the non-voters who keep up all the excitement, and carry on the preparations, in so magnificent a style that one would imagine it impossible for a single man to neglect his privilege, which is at the same time a duty; and when it comes to the day of battle there is sometimes not a fifth of the voters at the ballot-box. Those only seem to come who are impelled by a partisan spirit; and few appear from a patriotic interest in their country's welfare.

What will remedy this evil? is the puzzling question of the hour. Some insist that the circle of voters must be largely increased in order to secure a parliamentary majority, and that the shortest way would be the introduction of universal suffrage in the whole peninsula; but others think this a very doubtful experiment that no true friend of Italian progress would desire to risk. And this because, first, of the alarming ignorance of the lower classes; and secondly, their fearful subjection to priestly control. They say, "give us twenty years of compulsory education for the people, and at least the same period of energetic and decided policy in ecclesiastical matters, before we risk it."

But between universal suffrage and a direct tax of forty francs there is a medium ground which some are trying to find. One might grant the ballot to the poorer and more industrious classes, who pay a less amount of tax, and who really seem to take the most interest in political matters. But here again we have the dog in the manger. The upper classes are indifferent to the use of their privilege, and still are unwilling to transfer or extend it to others. It is quite positive that the poorer ranks of Italy are very democratic and very united, so that they would have but little trouble in securing a parliamentary majority, but it would be in the opposition, and probably troublesome, and still some think a better working body than the present lukewarm and indifferent assembly. The curse of Italy just now is, without doubt, this fearful indecision. No one is clear as to its policy, either as to internal measures or those affecting foreign powers. Certain individuals among her statesmen are progressive and decided, but their wishes are not responded to by the parliament; and therefore nobody knows just what to do with the ecclesiastical, educational, and financial questions at home, or what policy to pursue abroad — whether to favor France or Germany on the one hand, or the republican cause in Spain on the other.

One might expect that, with a body of voters drawn so exclusively from one class of the community, their policy would at least have a character, but it is not so. This state of affairs threatens a chronic political crisis in

Italy until it can be cured, either by extending the right of suffrage, or contracting it, for some even think the latter the only mode to cure the evil; while some suggest that the present voters be driven to the polls by magisterial authority, although it is not a little amusing to think of a legal code or a policeman's lout compelling a man to go to the ballot-box. We suggest that the compulsion begin in the common school, with a corps of teachers very different from the priests who have thus steeped the country in ignorance.

CATHOLICS AND THE SCHOOLS.

The destruction of the American school system seems to be fully determined upon by the Catholics; but that they do not anticipate completing so important a revolution without difficulty will appear from the language of Bishop McQuaid at the opening of the new Catholic school in Worcester: "We are going to have a desperate struggle on this question all over this country for the next generation — not one with the musket, but with the ballot and all the levers of public opinion. I know the American people are sometimes slow to give up their strong prejudices, but they are always ready to listen to fair argument."

It would be fortunate for our country if the other side were equally ready to yield their strong prejudices and to listen to fair argument. Their middle-class prejudices are indomitable and blind, and their plan of withdrawing their children from the public schools is designed to remove them beyond the reach of Protestant argument. The love of education cherished in all Protestant communities is not a prejudice, as the Bishop seems to suppose, but a system based on fair argument, and calculated to subserve the highest interests of the people. We have hope that the Catholic authorities will yet see and appreciate the advantages of popular education, which can be secured, as all history shows, only by some general school system. Ecclesiastical schools may educate the few, but will be sure to leave the many in ignorance, as they have done in all Catholic countries; and even the few whom they educate are too often narrow men, more concerned to promote the interests of their Church and to make Catholics than to elevate the masses and to make good citizens. Indeed, the genius of the two systems is here apparent. Protestantism would make the many intelligent, and enable them to control themselves in the exercise of the right of private judgment; Catholicism would teach the few to think for and to control the many. The former faith is suited to a republic; the latter to a monarchy or aristocracy. Hence we are not surprised that these diverse principles are displayed on the school question. Catholicism clings to the dark ages, when monks held control of all the education, and is endeavoring to engraft the educational scheme of those times on the freest republic in the blaze of the nineteenth century. The American people, we are glad to believe, are open to fair argument, and are willing to be controlled by sound reason; but we are persuaded the sound reason is remote when the prelate will find the American people replacing their glorious scheme of free and general education by that of ecclesiastical and nuns, in the darkness and seclusion of convents and parish enclosures.

A WORD FROM ERIE.

It may be from the Lake, the city, or the Conference. The turn of the Lake, where three States corner, is the threshold of both the East and the West at once. Some of us prefer to be sitters at the threshold, or, *Davidico*, doorkeepers, than to dwell in the tents of either. One thing is true: we are not beyond the sweet influences of the HERALD.

OUR TERRITORY.

suppose we say (Methodistically) of Erie Conference, as embracing all the rest, is stated to be the best in Methodism. It covers lakes, rivers, forests, and happy hunting grounds; cities, villages and fertile farms; coal and oil regions, whose kindly radiance is welcome in many lands. Nowhere is a more self-satisfying realm. Our fish and venison, our food and lumber, our fuel and lights are abundant within our own borders. Our streams run which way they choose, to the St. Lawrence or the Gulf.

OILDOM.

is, we confess, under a sad depression, embarrassed with abundance. Oil that once would have brought \$6.00 per barrel now goes at \$0.60; a well that once would have brought \$250,000 lately sold for \$15,000 — all from the "excessive superabundance" of oil. If one remembers how this business began — at the top, he can imagine how complete is its prostration. All Titusville, the metropolis of Oildom, is under the hammer. One man (only a specimen) who had but lately an income of \$100,000 is now hardly worth his hat. All is dreary as wintry midnight. Oil is here stored in huge tanks, enough to light the world a while; and still it comes. To strike oil, which once made one's fortune, is now a very moderate blessing; nor can our favorite Pennsylvaniaism, "protection," help us, for nobody competes with us in supplying the world. So we must suffer from our copiousness, while all make light of the cause of our trouble. It is little comfort that on sea and shore, around the hammer, we shine, and that Dr. Newell saw us brightening even the Garden of Eden, as long as all is so dark at home!

RAILROADS.

have, by our once so profitable oil,

come to traverse us abundantly. The broad and roaring Atlantic enters us at Salamanca, and leaves us at Akron and Cleveland, after full 200 miles. This noble road is one over which foreign capital has gone to grief, its value being now reckoned at some thirty millions, or less, and its debts at \$122,000,000! figures not easy to parallel. A self-acting recorder of all the stops and movements of a train is now in use upon it; it proposes to overcome depravity by mechanism! Simple as a brass clock, it is locked up at the start, and unlocked at the end of the trip, and there its little pointer has marked the rate of speed, the stops and backings — the history of the train. It brings engineer and conductor to the truth. This "train log" is the work of Dr. Wythe, who shaped the Holy Land at Chataqua; and many such things are with him.

OUR CHURCH.

In this region is working well. Do you know that Akron and Lewis Miller are in our bounds, and we rejoice and follow their light? Of course our Sunday-schools prosper, and in all our borders Methodism is "historically phenomenal, socially formative, and normally self-developing." (This phrase overwhelms me; it is *episcopal* in its magnitude!) Our most conspicuous enterprise is Cleveland First Church. Our brethren have long labored to make for Methodism a worthy dwelling in their city. They have succeeded, and there is nothing finer for site or sacred architecture in all the fair Forest City. Another is at Painesville, a beautiful Lake-shore village. Others are going on in all parts of the Conference.

EDUCATION.

is sustained by five strong seminaries. Bro. Edwards, well known with you, is at the head of our largest. In the face of disaster and competition he has conquered success, and has now no equal among us as an educational hero — unless it be Mrs. Edwards herself. Allegheny College is growing in a hopeful degree. Its attendance is larger than for many years. Dr. Marvin, a valuable teacher and member of the last General Conference, has left it to become a Chancellor of the State University at Lawrence, Kansas. In his place a tried man, Prof. Haskins, has been added to the Faculty. No president has taken Dr. Loomis' seat, but rumor says an eminent educator, not now to be named, will soon be here.

TRANSFERS.

both pastoral and educational, are recently and ever lively among us. You have sent us two welcome men. Bro. Cushing takes an important place. It is just to say that our "upper story" is not empty; he will not find himself alone in it; he will be where a good man loves to be, among his peers, himself a peer; and we would like a batch of such peers. Our first-class places are more numerous than our first-class men — an inspiring fact for a broad and sacred ambition. So, too, with Bro. Rouse, at Painesville. He has a great work before him, but the impression which he makes is, that he is God's minister for that very thing. So many good men have come to us — Mr. Wheeler, Edwards, Youman, Ramsay, Baker and others — all so gifted and so faithful (in fact, one may say at Conference as the Englishman said in Paris, "I think I never saw so many foreigners at one time before), that, if "birds of a feather," etc., we must be of a rare and high order, so many choice spirits seek our fellowship. Let them come. "A cake unturned" is no Methodist symbol.

ONE DISAPPOINTMENT.

we have. We had hoped at this time to see and hear and feel Dr. Newhall in this region. In his sore affliction we are afflicted, and suffer pain and loss. No man has superseded him. We even yet hope he may be restored to himself, to his family, and to the Church.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE TEST.

In the Academy of Music, January 7, we all sat with our expectations alternating between hope and anxiety. We hardly knew whether we ought rather to use the flatterer or the incisive knife. But as the young literary athletes came before the public without claiming any special dues of compassion, we infer a right to look and hear according to our own interpretation.

While the orchestra gave us a fine overture, we had an opportunity to study the illustrious company on the platform. Not a head of them all but had worn the laurel, although some few, after the American type, had won the oleander. A more fitting committee could not have been selected than that which sat on the question of essays; nor yet a better for the oratory. A gracious condescension induced these noble Romans of them all to interest themselves in the efforts of the youthful aspirants for honors.

The president embellished his brief opening with an allusion to the Isthmian games, and throughout his duties, though a little less than good-natured, acquitted himself well.

The first contestant who broke the ice, Mr. John H. Salisbury of Rutgers, did excellently. The greatest trouble with him is, he has developed into manhood rather early. We like to see a student look rough and green, rather than wearing a forced maturity; and then we think by the time he is fifty he may have rounded out into a full manhood.

The next performer, from Mr. Forest Hurlings of Lafayette College, was considerably more forceful than tasteful. His theme was "The Brotherhood of Man in America." He was followed by Mr. Charles B. Hubbard of Williams, whose subject was "The Good King of the North." Mr. Walter D. Edmunds of the same College, who spoke about "The St. Simon Stylites of To-day;" Mr. B. G. Cook of the New York University, whose subject was "Men of Strength;" Mr. James Keule of Rutgers, who spoke of "Charles Sumner;" Mr. John C. Tomlinson of the University of New York, whose subject was "The City;" Mr.

Walter D. Nicholas of Princeton, spoke of "Michael Angelo;" Mr. N. H. Narzello of Lafayette, whose subject was "The True Statesman;" Mr. James F. Gluck of Cornell, spoke of "The Grecian and Gothic Architecture as Exponents of the Religious Sentiment;" and Mr. Samuel M. Miller of Princeton, whose theme was "Free Thought."

We have not time to enter into the merits of each contestant. Besides, before this reaches you the daily press has told you all the "glittering generalities." We will only mention two. One of these, Mr. Edmunds of Williams College, we think, should have been awarded the highest prize in honor of the second. His oration on "The St. Simon Stylites of To-day" was a good illustration of what Ruskin calls, "handing." "The power of producing a masterly effect with a few touches." Very few public speakers at any stage of attainment evince this gift of genius, second only to the supreme power of silence. The Simon Stylites of to-day, he maintained, were those men of extreme culture and original power who stood aloof from their own columns of isolation, refusing to lend their wisdom in political affairs and essential reforms. The selfishness of those whose aim is self-culture, regardless of the world, was portrayed with powerful distinctness. His earnestness seemed to spring from conviction rather than from the arts of rhetoric, and he won perfect attention.

The man who took the first prize, Mr. Tomlinson of New York, discoursed upon "The City" with admirable skill. This was a work of artistic merit rather than original power. The corpse on horseback in the van of battle against the Moors was not ghastly enough to repel, but sufficiently mysterious to attract with strange fascination. We infer that the decision to award the prize to this effort was in the service of aesthetic oratory rather than the ethical. So very simplicity in the fair proportions of truth brings less in this market, at the Academy of Music, than art in the domain of a taste created in a peculiar school. In short, it is the cathedral of Gothic architecture against the Parthenon.

The reception of the announcement of the prizes was so extraordinarily demonstrative on the part of the students and their young friends as to point to a grave consideration of the wisdom of creating these distinctions.

Mr. William Cullen Bryant, the great old man who so long has found "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks," was received with an enthusiasm which partly belied our historical apathy in the treatment of our great men. This, a modern poet-philosopher, might recommend a novitiate of five years' silence to our student-youth, and possibly do as great service to his country as did Pythagoras.

The contestants for the essay-prizes were eight in number, of whom five selected as their subject "Shakespearean characters," and three wrote about "The Utilitarian Theory of Morals." The judges, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, Mr. James T. Fields and Mr. Richard Grant White, awarded the prizes as follows: For the Shakespearean subjects, first prize to George H. Fitch of Cornell, who took as his theme "Henry V." The second to James F. Gluck of the same College, who wrote of "The Clowns of Shakespeare." For the subject "Utilitarianism" the first prize was awarded to A. Marquand of Princeton, and the second to W. K. Congdon of New York University.

ELLEN F. H. HARVEY.

Editorial Paragraphs.

Dr. Curry in his last editorial presents in a clear light the economy with which our missionary funds are administered. The disbursements from Nov. 1, 1873, to Oct. 31, 1874, were, —

For Foreign Missions,	\$243,007 75
"Domestic	409,290 03
	652,297 78

For Missionary Advocate, which goes back to the gifts of mission funds, 14,386 13

Incidental expenses, including the passage of missionaries to and from their fields and the visits of Bishops — pure missionary work — with interest and taxes, 16,001 70

Purely office expenses, 20,010 03

708,855 26

After a careful weighing of the incidental expenses Dr. Curry concludes "that less than four thousand dollars of the incidental expenses were devoted to any of the running expenses of the Society, making, with the 'office expenses,' twenty-five thousand dollars. Under this last head are included the salaries and traveling expenses of the three missionary secretaries, the pay of a clerk and janitor, stationery, postage, etc."

He sums up the result of his examination of the figures as follows: —

"A very little ciphering will show that twenty-five to seven hundred is as one to twenty-eight, or about three and a half per cent. This remarkable cheapness of running our Missionary Society's business is made possible only by the fact that nothing is expended by it in making collections, and the working force of the office is less than would be the case if the Society were to depend upon the ordinary means of raising money. Next year the expenses will be still lower, as Dr. Eddy's place will probably not be filled, though a portion of the salary saved will be required for additional clerk hire."

Such a thorough showing as this from the pen of one who follows with unwearied care, and often sharp criticism, every outlay of this great charity, both as a member of the Board and a public reviewer in his paper, can but give the amplest assurance of the remarkable economy with which these sacred funds are conserved and distributed. The old, weak witicism, that it takes a dollar to send a shilling to the heathen, has no ground to stand upon in the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society.

We cannot too highly estimate the moral effect of the late movement among leading minds in the United States and well-known European statesmen, to form a new international code of laws for the settlement of differences among the nations. The strongest powers of the opposite Continent have, through their reigning kings or prime ministers, or both, expressed a lively interest in the permanent establishment of a great supreme court of the nations, administered, not by foreign statesmen, but by a wise, pure and efficient public sentiment, by a growing reverence for law, and a mutual consent to submit differences between nations to the arbitration of disinterested chosen umpires. There will be periods of high passion and national pride, when the impetuous clamor of the people will ever-bear law and covenant, as in a well-established community, at times, men hastily rush to the execution of private vengeance, and break over the established law of the land. But this is only occasional, and sure to be regretted, and the public soon purges itself of the injury done. So it will be, hereafter, among the nations. So much has now been written; so many successful experiments have been tried; the late international conferences have proved so harmonious, and secured so many positive practical results, that wars between nations will

come more and more to seem like illegal acts of violence between individuals in well-constituted society. The public temper will revolve from it, as it does now from dueling. The great nations will set the example, and the smaller will follow from moral and physical necessity. To no one in this country is more due, in bringing to a practical accomplishment the long-desired and talked-of conference of the nations, upon this point, than to our Dr. J. B. Miles, Secretary of the American Peace Society. In the last *International Review* he gives a very clear and comprehensive account of the nature, present condition and promise of the "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations." Of the near and remote results of this movement an exchange will be made:

"International law, established as a supreme governing power, means the introduction of such an era of peace and prosperity as the world has not seen. This is no Utopian dream, no fanciful romance; it is the statement of a plain truth, founded on facts which are pregnant with mighty strength before our eyes. A work which has had power to summon to its accomplishment, by irresistible magnetism, wit-tychoon leaders representing the highest culture and the most progressive thought of the world, has an inherent power not to be misunderstood or concealed, and which is in itself a sure prophesy of what it will ultimately accomplish. To mention even the names of the distinguished men who have been summoned to this great work would require a column of our space. They are the men of all others for the great undertaking in hand."

The new Governor of the State has a somewhat difficult role to fill. He has an excellent sense, a Christian conscience, a patriotic citizen, and a conscientious magistrate. He represents one line of public policy, and the majority of the General Court another. His instincts, his judgment and his pronounced opinions ally him with the good men of the State who apprehend the terrible evils of intemperance, and are in earnest to defend the community, as far as practicable, from them, while a very considerable number of those who aided in securing his election expect, in some way, to obtain freedom from legal restraint upon the liberty of selling intoxicants.

His Excellency's message, the preparation of which is the easiest duty that will fall during the session to his hand, is a well-written, and in many respects admirable document. On national topics he speaks wisely, and without partisan spirit, and he will have the sympathy of all well-disposed and intelligent men of both political parties. His views of State policy upon questions of finance, economy, railroads, education and charitable institutions, are clearly presented, and will commend themselves to the favorable consideration of the Legislature and to our citizens generally.

On one point only will there be a wide difference of judgment. The friends of the unrestricted sale of intoxicating beverages will not find much aid and comfort in Governor Gaston's summary of the evil consequences of their use, and the necessity of surrounding their sale with the strongest limitations, restrictions, and safeguards; while the advocates of a prohibitory law will be placed in absolute antagonism with his conclusion upon the results of legal regulation. In the Governor's equation, involving the results of prohibition, gambling, or the social vice were substituted for alcoholic liquors, without altering another word of his argument his conclusion would be as legitimate. All that can be said about the failure to execute law in one case can be affirmed in the other. If the sale of liquor, as a beverage, may not be prohibited because the law is not faithfully executed, by a parity of reasoning the two crimes referred to should either be left to moral suasion or be licensed, as it is proposed to limit the sale of alcoholic liquors. Can any one for a moment believe that the community is as seriously threatened, or burdened with as oppressive taxes, or exposed to as acute sufferings or appalling ruin, by the unrestricted opportunities to practice these now pronounced crimes, as by the use of intoxicating drinks? What an experiment is now before the State! Who can tell what unutterable wretchedness and moral and spiritual ruin hinge upon the legislation of the present session? All that is at stake is a moral and serious social question?

There is a rainbow in the cloud. The peril of the hour is both awakening the friends of temperance and uniting their forces. So let it be!

We are pained to record the very sudden death, on January 7th, in Henth, Mass., of Mrs. Caroline Dwight, wife of Rev. Wm. O. Dwight, of New England Conference. Mrs. Dwight was the daughter of Mr. Patten of Somerville. A beautiful young life has thus been in a moment translated to the skies. Our afflicted young brother will have the hearty sympathy of his friends.

The provisions for obtaining the highest profit from the International Sunday-school Lessons during the current year are multiplying. Henry Hoyt has just issued, in a neat form, a new price, "Golden Notes" upon these lessons, prepared by Rev. P. N. Polouet, illustrated with maps. These notes are very full, comprising selections from the best modern and old interpreters of Scripture. They are exegetical, illustrative and practical, and will afford valuable aid to teacher and scholar.

Dr. Vincent, assisted by Rev. J. M. Hurlbert, A. M., has issued his "Second Command" for this year. It is like its predecessors, a duodecimo, in fine type, crowded with matter, solving the difficulties of the successive lessons, and suggesting the practical application of the Scriptures studied.

Rev. N. W. Wilder has a very rare review in the *Christian Messenger* of Mr. Merriam's edition of *The Christian Union*, in favor of the ultimate restoration of the impotent in the world to come. The great debate is breaking out afresh. Prof. Bartlett of Chicago, has just commenced a series of elaborate papers in *The Congregationalist* upon the same theme, controverting Universalism and Restorationism. Dr. Townsend's book, entitled "Lost Forever," is just out from the press. He takes the strongest position, and will awaken by his decided and well fortified positions, sharp discussion on the part of the advocates of both theories. We are reading his book, and shall notice it hereafter.

If any of our readers have files of ZION'S HERALD that they do not care to preserve, Rev. Dr. Langworthy, Librarian of Hillecock (Congregational) Library, will be especially grateful for a set. We should be happy to be instrumental in securing such a denominational representation in the alcoves of this fine building.

In Morristown, N. J., Rev. John Hynlon, a valuable member of the Newark Methodist Episcopal Conference, and late principal of Dickinson Seminary, died on Monday, after a lingering illness, from consumption, in the 53rd year of his age. He entered the ministry in 1857, when only 21 years old, and was stationed at Broad Street Church in Newark, in 1861.

The new passenger car, the handsomest and most comfortable ever constructed, has just been thrown open to the public. A band of music, and a vast concourse of guests, gathered about the car, and the new passenger station. It seems as if the people, who have exercised the best of the means, but have also the patronage of the *Advertiser*, in all the Boston and Providence roads, for the new passenger station. Nothing like this for the comfort and convenience of the passengers, from the out daily to his cottage to the tired and dusty traveler who steps out of the train, is wanting. The new passenger station, with its comfortable and airy rooms, and its beautiful view of the city, is a great improvement upon the old station. It is a fine example of the power of the railroad

The new passenger station of the Boston and Providence Railroad, which has been in process of construction for several years past, has just been completed, and on January 14th was thrown open for the inspection of the public. A band of music enlivened the occasion, and a vast crowd thronged the depot during the evening. Among other distinguished guests his royal highness, the Duke of Devonshire, who was accompanied by his wife and children, and a suite of over thirty persons, not only have exercised the best of taste in all its appointments, but have also studied the comfort of the patrons of the road. The Boston Advertiser, in alluding to it, says: "The Boston and Providence Railroad Company now boasts of the handsomest and most artistic passenger station in America, if not in the world. Nothing that could be suggested for the comfort and convenience of railway passengers, from the suburban who ride daily to his cottage or villa at Dedham, to the tired and dusty transcontinental traveler who steps out of the cars from San Francisco, is wanting. The result is an appearance of palatial luxury, combined with an effect of solidity and tasteful construction such as are generally the last things to be expected from a railroad and its accompaniments, and which but few of even the most famous hotels can show their guests. Opening from the gallery are the rooms of the directors and other officers. The room allotted to Superintendent Folson is 24 by 34 feet, into which run telegraph wires, tubes, bells, etc., etc., and these same necessary appliances are connected with the rooms of the president and his assistants. Mr. Folson also has a private room, 14 by 12, fitted up in a luxurious manner. The total dimensions of the head house are 212 feet in length and an extreme width of 130 feet. The train house is 588 feet long and 130 wide, and the great iron trusses, with 125 feet span, cover five tracks with three platforms."

One year of daily travel on this road has impressed on us the conviction of its consummate management, in every respect. We sincerely regret to part with any of our patrons, but if subscribers think they must "stop Zion's Herald," write to the publisher and say so—we will save us trouble and expense. Do not incite it by refusing to take the paper from the post-office, or returning one which, in most cases, has no post mark upon it by which it can be known from what locality it is sent. As our list is arranged alphabetically by towns, it is almost impossible to find a name unless the post-office address is given. In changing the direction of the paper the post-office address where it has been sent, as well as the post-office address where a subscriber may want it sent, should be given. Most of our errors result from writing letters carelessly. Often they are unsigned. Others have no post-office address by which we can tell from whence they came; others give the town, but not the State, forgetting there are hundreds of the same name in our country. We half suspect some brother tinctured with spiritualism, wishing to test as to what line will say, "enclosed find money to pay for 'her' or 'his' paper." Now, we might be able to guess out their right names; but for the present please excuse us; we are too much in a hurry just now; and give us all your orders in full, written correctly and plainly, and they will receive careful and prompt attention.

Mr. Harvey N. Shepard, lately connected with the law firm of Hillard, Hyde and Dickinson, as is seen by an advertisement in our paper, has opened an office by himself, as an attorney and conveyancer. The firm with which he has been connected heartily commend him to the confidence of the community, and he refers to names that will command universal respect. Mr. Shepard is one of our most prominent and excellent young men. All that listened, at a late meeting of the Social Union, to the admirable essay he read upon the taxation of churches and educational and religious institutions, were impressed with his singular calm and judicial presentation of the various sides of this complicated and difficult question. We doubt not he will soon meet with the patronage that true merit and high character never fail to secure.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal—one of the oldest, and of the highest repute, of professional periodicals published in this country—is issued the current year in a new and very handsome form. It is to be published hereafter by H. O. Houghton & Co., and bears characteristic evidence of the mechanical taste and ability of its noted publishing house. The magazine is its own best commendation. The present number just is a little aside from the ordinary routine in an admirable paper of Dr. O. W. Holmes on the Physiology of Versification.

Mr. B. F. Jacobs, the noted "Sunday-school man" of the West, who has to stop and take a moment when asked to which of the evangelical Churches he belongs, has his new "organ" also, and a fine one it is, with fresh and vigorous notes pouring out from it. It is entitled "The International Lesson Monthly." It is published in Chicago by F. H. Revell. Mrs. W. F. Crafts prepares the Primary Lessons. The Monthly is an octavo of forty pages, and is well filled with illustrative matter for the current Scripture Union Lessons of the year.

The Schoolmaster is abroad, in his best suit. Four educational periodicals in New England have been united, and now under a common board of control, issue one of the handsomest quarto sheets of twelve pages published in the country. It is called the "New England Journal of Education." Its publisher is Wm. C. C. Chatfield, the late vigorous publisher of the College Courant, a cultivated graduate of Yale College. The editor is Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, late editor of the Rhode Island Schoolmaster. The new paper starts off finely, and gives ample promise of ability and interest. Its office of publication is 10 Hawley Street.

Mrs. Frances E. Willard, late Professor in the Northwestern University, and now Secretary of the Woman's Temperance Association, with a company of ladies, received New Year's visits in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago, and instead of offering wine, engaged in a courteous conversation with the numerous callers, and presented them the pledge to sign. It is a device that will bear imitation.

D. Lathrop & Co. issue, in a cheap but neat pamphlet of 32 pages, a collection of "Historic Hymns" for Praxe Meetings. They have been collected by Rev. W. F. Crafts, and the music arranged by Dr. E. Tourjee. Over an hundred admirable hymns, with appropriate music, are thus provided at a very small price; and liturgical exercises are added to give interest and profit to these delightful occasions of sacred song.

Dr. H. W. Warren, of Williamsburg, N. Y., sends out an admirable pastoral epistle to his people, with the opening of the new year, calling attention to practical religious duties—an excellent and growing custom.

As we go to press the trouble in Louisiana is unsolved, although quiet now prevails in New Orleans, under the efficient rule of General Sheridan. The questions involved are not simple ones. There are, doubtless, serious constitutional points embraced in the existing condition of things which cannot be readily adjusted, and it is not to be questioned that the ruling administration of the State reached its position by illegal acts, and there can be no doubt that acts of violence and fraud have marked the proceedings of both political parties. At what moment, or under what exigencies the Federal Government can step in and interfere with the Legislature of an independent State, however improper, illegal, or violent the course of legislators, is a question that admits of discussion upon both sides; but when the State authorities cannot defend a portion of the citizens from assassination, and the Governor seeks Federal aid, there is no longer question as to the President's duty. Whether Sheridan has been as diplomatic and polite as he might have been will be decided according to the judgment and temper of different men; but there can be no doubt as to the real character of the White League combination, as to their intention in reference to the colored man, or as to the brutal murders, not in a few instances, but numbered by hundreds, which have been committed. The President is roundly abused because he stands by his General; but the majority of the people will think God for a resolute President and a fearless general prompt military officer. We notice that Judge Hoar, one of the coolest of men, with the clearest judgment, stands by the President and his General. May God direct the right!

Mr. Anthony Comstock has visited Boston officially, and ten arrests of men engaged in the circulation of the vilest literature signalized the efficiency of his efforts. Mr. Comstock met a large company of gentlemen in Pilgrim Hall, a week ago last Monday, and disclosed to them the amazing facts he had collected in reference to the circulation of obscene literature, pictures, and the vilest manufactured articles for criminal and vicious uses. His well-attested facts as to the efforts, not unsuccessfully made by these vile agents to reach schools and seminaries of both sexes, were simply appalling. He has already routed the largest manufacturers of this hideous stuff, and had their proprietors imprisoned. Nearly twenty tons of these publications have been destroyed, and keen eyes are constantly on the watch to arrest new movements, however skillfully they may be veiled. The gentlemen of Boston expressed their hearty interest in Mr. Comstock's movement, and appointed a committee to secure aid from our citizens to enable him to continue and enlarge his very important work.

Dr. Hoyt of the Westerns, is too polite. Somebody asked him to express his opinion of the following sentence, uttered by a clergyman from Cincinnati, in the midst of his discourse:—"The marvelous multitudinousness of the minutiae of the corroborative circumstances are the insurmountable difficulties which unmistakably prevent the skeptic from discovering the truth." What could he have been preaching about? The pertinent answer is, that it is unmitigated nonsense; but our accomplished friend goes on to "another" his instinctive disgust of this alliterative bombast by remarking, "there is some alliteration and melody in the sentence; yet, in the language of another, we fear that the 'circumambient nebulousness' of the cogitations may multiply the nonentities of skeptical cogitations, albeit they were enlightened by the iridescent irradiations of both clarified and glorified intuitions." Without doubt! And the Doctor solemnly concludes that the thought should not be smothered in the superabundant foliage, no matter how rich or beautiful it be. To which we heartily say, Amen!

Mr. W. F. Draper has prepared and published, in a neat octavo volume of 290 pages, complete "Index to the Bibliotheca Sacra." This periodical, one of the most valuable aids to Biblical students that comes from the press, is of permanent value. Only those that have had occasion to review its early years, as we have, can have an adequate idea of its elaborate and rich accumulations, in almost every department of Biblical and theological literature. It has now completed its thirtieth volume. Mr. Draper has, with great patience and care, indexed the whole work, and opened its concealed treasures to a ready examination. He has given a very full topical table of contents, an index of Scripture texts, and a list of Greek and Hebrew words. It is a laborious work, faithfully performed, and will be welcomed in all libraries where this able quarterly is preserved.

The American Board during the past year has sent out fifty-eight new laborers. It has added three hundred and seventy in the field. Its native helpers now amount to more than one hundred educated pastors, and three hundred preachers and catechists, and nearly one hundred teachers and Bible readers. In twenty-one different languages have missionary labors been performed, and preaching in near six hundred cities, towns and islands in different parts of the globe. Educational interests have been promoted by scores of training, boarding and common schools, with more than twenty thousand pupils, at an expense of \$90,000.

We have just seen a copy of Dr. Porter's excellent volume for Christian laborers, entitled "The Winning Worker." It is a fine treatise, admirably introduced by Dr. J. A. M. Chapman. Its title may appropriately bear two significations; it may refer to traits of character, or to success; and both signs and signs are amply illustrated in its varied and fully illustrated chapters. It should be widely circulated through the Church. J. P. Magee has it. It is 16mo, of 300 pp.

The second annual meeting of the Central China Mission, held at Kluksang, October 8-12, Rev. V. C. Hart presiding, reported a membership of 51 (36 probationers). Among the visitors present were Rev. S. Appleton and wife, of Philadelphia, who were on a tour around the world. The school girls, under the care of Misses Howe and Hoag, showed very encouraging progress. The native Christian, Chen Hwang Shi (or Leo Shi, as he is called in Chinese), hitherto employed as colporteur, was promoted to the position of missionary helper.

We know of no Sunday-school publication on the whole that so fully fills its promise as the Sunday-School Times. It is now published in the form of the Herald, and to its last change—10 pages, with an occasional ornamental cover. Rev. J. Newton Baker is its editor, and he is evidently born to his chair. The large income of the paper permits the employment of the most accomplished pens of the nation. It is an able and valuable sheet, and where its merits are known teachers feel that they can hardly do without it.

Dr. Vincent's new monthly, called "The Normal Class," makes a fine appearance. It has 48 duodecimo pages, printed on fine paper, in small and beautiful type. It is filled with an excellent variety of short, instructive and illustrative articles, with lessons and pithy suggestions. It also has the first of a series of exercises in Hebrew, and is ornamented with a fine cut of Dr. S. H. Tyng, sen. The subscription price is \$1.50 per year. When bound, at the end of the year, it will make a valuable addition to the S. S. teacher's library.

The Vermont Chronicle has been transferred to Montpelier. It is now issued in the folio form, on handsome paper, with new type. It makes a fine reading matter. It is well edited, and sustained by able correspondents. Altogether it is an excellent paper for the Christian home.

The Congregationalist says that Dr. Joseph Parker of London, the author of the remarkably fresh and strong treatise upon the office and work of the Holy Spirit, entitled "The Paraclete," lately published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

A neighboring clergyman writes to us: "I read with great interest Dr. Steele's essay on revivals. I believe the people are hungry for just such articles."

Our Auburn friends have in store a rich treat on Wednesday evening (Jan. 13th), in listening to Rev. Mr. Wagner, who is to tell the students about his visit to Mount Katschid.

We remind our readers who receive the Herald early in the week, of the dedication of Trinity Church, Lynn, Wednesday at 2 o'clock P. M. Cars leave by Eastern Road, Saguz Branch, at 1 P. M. Stop at Radola's Station.

A QUIET SEMI-CENTENNIAL.—The friends of our Matron in the School of Theology will be interested to know that Christmas was the golden wedding-day of her parents, who live in Derry, N. H. It called out then no other celebration than the annual Christmas festivities, and a meeting around a Christmas-tree at the neighboring home of a daughter, where they found themselves liberally remembered by their children. Not permitted to present then, the Matron took herself from the school long enough to surprise her parents on Tuesday evening, December 29, and to spread an inviting dinner (mainly of her own furnishing) on the next day, to which only a sister, brother, sister-in-law, herself, and the writer, sat down with her parents. The hale old gentleman of 80, still strong-framed, though slightly bowed, and the genial old lady of 71, seemed as happy as on the day that first saw them united, though more serious, I trow, calling up and reflecting in their faces the fitting lights and shadows of half a hundred years. When the father turned his plate, and saw the tender gold-plate his daughter had slipped under it, I fancied that the year was fastively brushed away; and when the mother found a like golden reminder of fifty happy years under her plate, the look she gave the daughter was worth the devotion of a lifetime. These, and other presents, among which were a pair of gold-bound spectacles for each, amounted to a hundred dollars or more. Thus the anniversary and its celebration glided quietly by.

One who has sat by fire-side, and at the tempting board of this aged couple—who has seen the simple beauty and usefulness of their life, no longer wonders whence was inherited the large-hearted devotion of our incomparable Matron.

The demands for missionary intelligence, especially from our own Branch, are numerous and pressing. The *Heavenly Woman's Friend* belongs to the New England Branch, but to the Society at large, and its pages cannot be used for matters not of general interest. To assist in meeting these demands, arrangements have been made with the ever-obliging editor of ZION'S HERALD for an occasional column in that paper in the interests of our cause, which will be devoted mainly to such facts, explanations and suggestions as must otherwise be reiterated by private letter. Our communications from missionaries often contain passages full of interest and instruction, and will be given here as space permits. The letter from Mrs. Parker (in the Herald of January 7th) cannot fail to increase the missionary zeal of all who read it.

If our missionary workers at home will read faithfully the *Heavenly Woman's Friend* and the Herald they cannot fail to get a good idea of what is being attempted and accomplished by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. In addition to these, the *Missionary Advocate* is carefully studied by the women of the Church; their souls will surely come to be in deepest sympathy with the grand movements which are everywhere being made upon the enemy's line; and renewedly the cry of faith and consecration will go up to Heaven, "Lord what wilt thou have me do?"

MRS. C. P. TAPLIN, Cor. Sec.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS.—The above sum bestowed upon the New England Education Society would supply a great present need. The Boston Herald states that the friends of Reverend Henry M. Parsons are about to purchase the house of worship used by the Springfield Street Society, the congregation worshipping there to remain. The Congregationalist heartily hopes the plan may succeed, and thus the devoted and useful ministry of Mr. P. be retained in Boston, where he is so much needed. The most devoted of our people the Assembly for 1875 will commence on Tuesday, August 3d. It is expected that Rev. Joseph Parker, D. D., of London, will be present.—The Evening Traveller traces this sensible view of Louisiana matters: "There was trouble in New Orleans a few months ago, with much bloodshed, and Gen. Grant was blamed because he did not interfere to prevent it. Last Monday there was a new trouble, and because of interference there was no bloodshed. Now the President is blamed because he did interfere."—Mrs. Farragut prefers the model of "The Admiral" made by Vinnie Ream, because that most fully delineates the features of the great man.—Senator Buckingham of Connecticut is so poorly that he will be unable to return to Washington for several weeks. The present French ministry will remain in office for the present. Count Valmaseda will undertake to solve the Spanish problem if he can have 20,000 Spanish troops.—Alfonso XII was expected in Madrid the 12th.

Gov. Gaston's message regards a bill for the prohibition law in his proposed purpose, but acknowledges the existence of a considerable sentiment in favor of its continuance, though a large majority of the people are hostile to it. He recommends its repeal, and the enactment of a law which shall regulate and restrain the traffic as this law does not and cannot, and advises the abolition of the constabulary. In regard to the Hoosier Tunnel, he says it is only by becoming part of a great through line that it can be made a success, and thinks the

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THE WEEK.

The work on the Memorial Hall of the Centennial buildings at Philadelphia being pushed with great rapidity.—James Vick, of Rochester, New York, has given \$500 to the fund for the Iowa and Kansas sufferers.

John Bright will, it is reported, visit this country next year.—Richard H. Dana, Jr., is to deliver the oration at the Centennial Celebration at Lexington, April 19.

Minnesota has 207 lumbering establishments, representing a capital of \$3,311,140.

There were 861 fires in Philadelphia during 1874, the aggregate loss being \$747,328.—A railroad ticket agent at Savannah, Ga., has been given a watch by the people for civil answers.—There were 1,140 new buildings erected in Toledo, Ohio, last year, at an expense of \$5,500,000.—The new civil marriage law in Prussia is said to be opposed by Churches of every denomination.

Sixty Spanish Commissioners, with Castile, are to attend the Centennial.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, with several priests, is on his way to this country to labor among the negroes of the South.—England and the United States are corresponding about some territory in British North America.

More than \$9,000,000 were paid into the national Treasury by the banks, as taxes, last year—all from the people.—The Southern National Bank at Milford, N. H., has recovered mysteriously about \$12,000 in bonds, stolen by burglars last October.

The Penobscot County has recently presented a valuable gold-headed cane to John H. Wilson, Sheriff for forty consecutive years. Judge Kent made the presentation.

A Louisiana democratic paper has called on the parish officers elect: "We again assure them that we have the ropes and lamp-posts ready when they return with their Returning Board Commissioners; and, by the Eternal, we will put them to use."

Gen. Sheridan says, in some localities in Louisiana the very air has for years been impregnated with assassination. A report of the Louisiana Legislature has issued General Sheridan's report: "We again assure them that we have the ropes and lamp-posts ready when they return with their Returning Board Commissioners; and, by the Eternal, we will put them to use."

Mr. Moody is having his theology called in question.—Probably never was so little wine offered to guests on New Year's day as this last.—It looks now as though it would be a very quiet New Year's.

The vessels now in port a dozen will be sent to sea.—Smith & Wesson, of Springfield, Mass., have contracted to make 10,000 of their largest size pistols for Russia.—The Lighthouse Board gives notice that on and after January 15 a fixed light will be shown from the lighthouse just rebuilt on the southerly point of Indian Island, Rockport harbor, Maine.—Mr. D. Banks McKenzie, Superintendent of the Appleton Temporary Home, Boston, is endeavoring to purchase a large estate in Hudson for this institution, if incorporated by this Legislature.—The Massachusetts Medical Society has voted to expel Drs. Chase and Clapp for the crime of practicing homoeopathy.—A hotel, the Methodist and Congregationalist Churches, and several buildings were burned at St. Albans Bay last Monday morning. Loss over \$41,000.

The average freight on 100 pounds of grain from Chicago to New York by the Central road and connections has been 43-4 cents this year, against 52 in 1873, and 51-2 cents in 1872. Eastward from Chicago a reduction of local passenger fares to three cents a mile has been effected.—Hannibal Hamlin is nominated for United States Senator in his district (Me.).—Ellis Burritt reports a large number of islands discovered in the Atlantic Ocean by the Massachusetts Legislature has chosen Rev. R. G. Seymour chaplain.—All the great powers have entered into semi-official relations with Alfonso's government. The King of the Two Sicilies has assured him that Counts Cosetta and Bari will withdraw from the Carlist cause.—Our Legislature has chosen Dr. Loring as President and Mr. Gifford as Vice-President of the State.

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State ought not to put out much more money upon it, but to connect the tunnel line with other important roads. He urges attention to the State churches, art education, as tending to foster skilled labor, and some plan for the better education of children employed in manufacturing establishments.

Notes from the Churches.

MAINE.

Items.—The Y. M. C. Association have held revival meetings for some time past at Dunn's Corner, in Mt. Vernon, with excellent success. The spiritual life of the community has been greatly quickened.

A lot has been secured, and a subscription is raising to erect a Baptist church in Fairfield. The prime mover in the enterprise is Rev. J. Kelly of Waterville. Ex-Gov. Coburn of Skowhegan, David Hanson of Benton, and William Cilley of Fairfield give \$100 each, and many others give \$50 each. The Methodist pastor is laboring hard to make his church free.

Rev. S. P. Merrill has resumed his pastoral duties in Waterville. There will be excellent news to his numerous friends. His church is to be thoroughly repaired and remodeled.

Rev. Calvin Chapman is pastor of the Congregational Church in Andover—a man of excellent antecedents.

The receipts of the Maine branch of the Woman's Board of Missions since Oct. 12 have been \$461.

The Universalists of Bath have furnished their minister a new parsonage, at an expense of \$3,000.

Rev. O. M. Cousins instituted a lodge of Good Templars at North Chelvesterville Jan. 1st. Bro. C. is supplying the pulpit of the Methodist church at East Wilton every other Sabbath, the pastor's health having failed.

The monthly meeting for the promotion of holiness in the Readfield District, held at Livermore Falls Dec. 23 and 24, was a season of unusual interest.

The Friends are to memorialize the Legislature for the abolition of the death penalty.

Mrs. George S. Carpenter, of Augusta, has given \$25 to furnish a room in the Industrial School building at Hallowell.

The interest in the Free Will Baptist Church in Augusta is largely increasing, so we learn.

The Free Baptist Church in West Bowdoin is enjoying revival.

Elder E. Andrews, formerly of Madison, is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Bowdoinham.

Six have been received to full membership and three to probation in the Methodist Church at East Livermore the past quarter. The church has lost one of its oldest and most respected members, Bro. George Turner, who was over 70 years old, and an officer in the Church most of the time for 43 years.

The winter term of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary is prospering. Several have been converted, and an excellent religious interest prevails.

A very interesting Christmas festival came off in the Methodist Sunday-school in Wayne on Christmas night. The pastor and his family received valuable presents.

On January 3d fourteen persons united with the Plymouth Congregational Church, Portland, Rev. C. F. Dale pastor.

An interesting revival progress at North Baldwin, Rev. Mr. De Hughes pastor; 16 already converted, and the interest deepening.

The union revival services in Saco, under Rev. Mr. Fowler, the evangelist, resulted in a general quickening of the Churches, and the conversion of nearly 100 persons. The meetings continue under the several pastors. Brother Wetherbee's prospects for his church are more hopeful than in the past.

Rev. W. P. Merrill, pastor of Cape Porpoise Church, reports 20 converted this year.

Several have been converted at Biddeford Pool, under Brother Powers.

One year ago January 1st the State Street Congregational Society, Portland, adopted systematic weekly giving for benevolent objects. The collections aggregate for the year \$1,478; which, with those for special objects (\$2,708), is much above their ordinary, unexcited giving.

The Portland Y. M. C. A. meetings held in a hall left on the wharf have been very interesting for several weeks past. Some 20 have been forward for prayers at one meeting.

The temperance meetings still held almost every night at Chestnut Street, under the direction of Pastor Jones, and at the Allen Mission by Captain Sturdivant, the irrefragable temperance and mission workers, continue with unabated interest.

Rev. D. H. Hanaburg, a former pastor of Pine St. Church, delivered his interesting lecture on "Church Customs" in the Pine Street house last Wednesday evening.

Rev. Charles Andrews was agreeably surprised New Year's day by a visit from his parishioners, who left substantial tokens of their esteem, and \$30 in money.

A sailor who signed the pledge and sought Christ at Chestnut Street, about two weeks ago, has already been instrumental in inducing 50 men to sign, and has pledged to pay the amount of money he has annually spent for "grog" to the mission work at Allen Mission.

Rev. Mr. Perkins, new pastor of Casco Street Free Baptist Church, Portland, commenced his labors with his new Church January 3.

VERMONT.

Items.—The Methodist Episcopal parsonage at Newbury has been painted externally and internally, and received various other repairs and improvements.

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DISCHARGES from the ear, noises in the head, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Oppressive Breath, Consumption, Throat Affection and Debility of the vocal system, from whatever cause, cured by DR. LIGHTHILL.

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According to the new postage law, after January 1st the postage on all papers will have to be pre-paid by the Publisher, and not at the office of delivery, as heretofore. Hence, let each subscriber, in forwarding his subscription for the year 1875, send 20 cents extra, which pays the postage for one year from January 1, 1875.

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A NEW VOLUME.—THE ILLUSTRATED PNEUMOLOGICAL JOURNAL, January number, with some thirty engravings, gives portraits of our new Postmaster-General, Charlotte Cushman; two colored plates: Des Carling; the late Mayor; Our Little Lips; Death without Pain; Our Ears, and What they Signify; Connection of Mind and Body; Physiology, Psychology, Pyschology; Physiology, etc. Only 50 cents, or \$1 a year. Sent first post by COLBY & RICH, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston; or by S. B. WELLS, Publisher, 36 Broadway, New York.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

First Quarter.

Sunday, January 24.

Lesson IV. Joshua v. 9-15.

BY REV. D. C. KNOWLES.

PREPARATION FOR CONQUEST.

9 And the Lord said unto Joshua, This day have I rolled away the reproach of Egypt from off you. Wherefore the name of the place is called Gilgal unto this day.

10 And the children of Israel encamped in Gilgal, and kept the passover on the fourteenth day of the month, at even, in the plains of Jericho.

11 And they did eat of the old corn of the land on the morrow after the passover, unleavened cakes and parched corn, in the self-same day.

12 And the manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten of the old corn of the land; neither had the children of Israel manna any more; but they did eat of the fruit of the land of Canaan that year.

13 And it came to pass when Joshua was by Jericho, that he lifted up his eyes and looked, and behold, there stood a man over against him with his sword drawn in his hand; and Joshua went unto him, and said unto him, Art thou for us, or for our adversaries?

14 And he said, Nay; but as captain of the host of the Lord am I now come. And Joshua fell on his face to the earth, and did worship, and said unto him, What saith my lord unto his servant?

15 And the captain of the Lord's host said unto Joshua, Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whither thou standest is holy. And Joshua did so.

Four days intervened between the crossing of the Jordan and the passover. By the command of God the children of Israel were permitted to renew the Abrahamic covenant with Him in the observance of the rite of circumcision, a covenant denied them in the wilderness because of their disobedience. For almost forty years that rite, the symbol of divine favor, had been neglected, and before the younger soldiers of the army were to be called into battle with their enemies, on the sacred soil that they had sought so long, it was eminently fitting that they should receive the seal of the covenant made with their fathers.

The reproach of Egypt. This refers to the divine judgments on the people for their wickedness, and the scorn of Egypt because of those judgments, Ex. xxxii, 12. It was natural for haughty masters, thus forcibly bereft of slaves, to rejoice over their wanderings in the wilderness, and their bitter distress and sufferings. The penalties of their disobedience ceased when they crossed the river, and the renewal of their covenant vows dissipated the cloud of divine wrath, and rolled away the occasion for Egyptian scorn. From that hour the laugh of the master was turned into wonder and fear.

And kept the passover. This was the first time this feast was observed by the great majority of the nation. Only once had they celebrated their departure from Egypt by this feast, namely, at Sinai, Numbers ix, 5. Since that event the great body of the people had died in the wilderness, and, having been denied the passover because of their sins, this famous festival was therefore a novelty to the younger portion of the nation. It took place on the evening of the fourth day of their sojourn in the promised land, the fourteenth day of the first month of the Jewish year, corresponding to the middle of our April. How different were the conditions from these feasts that had gone before. The first was held amid the uncertainties of Egyptian bondage, with the wall of a nation saluting the darkened heavens; the second amid the quakings of Sinai, with a dreary desert stretching away on every hand, and a tedious journey awaiting them. But now that journey is ended, the seal of their covenant relations is renewed, the waving harvest of their promised inheritance lies all around them, and success crowns their flight from bondage. What a jubilee that must have been! It was verily a feast of victory, a prophecy of the better feast of heaven, when the redeemed shall drink the new wine of the kingdom at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

And they did eat of the old corn. The Hebrew word does not mean "old corn," but "produce." The grain may have been new, as it was the time of the barley harvest.

On the morrow after the passover. The passover was eaten on the evening of the fourteenth, and if this language is to be taken in its ordinary sense they partook of the produce for the first time on the fifteenth. But because of a ceremonial provision concerning the first fruits some commentators have supposed that the term passover embraces seven days at the expiration of which time they partook of the old corn of the land. We fail to see the necessity of such an interpretation. It is said they ate unleavened bread, and this they were commanded to do on the fifteenth, Leviticus xxiii, 6.

Parched corn—barley, roasted in the fire. Dr. Thompson describes the process as he himself witnessed it. "A quantity of the best ears, not too ripe, is plucked, with the stalks attached. These are tied into parcels, a blazing fire is kindled with dry grass and thorn bushes, and the corn heads are held in it until the chaff is mostly burned off. The grain is thus sufficiently roasted to be eaten, and it is a favorite article, all over the country."

And the manna ceased. For forty years they had eaten of this food. Every day, except the Sabbath, they had gone forth for their supply, and had never been disappointed. The prayer, "give us this day our daily bread," was always answered. God had fed them as He feeds the flowers; their food fell with the dew. But on the sixteenth the manna ceased. As soon as the earth supplied their wants,

heaven withheld its treasures. God gives no more than is necessary. When earth fails, He interposes. God only gives what man cannot get himself.

When Joshua was by Jericho. Joshua had doubtless advanced near to Jericho, to examine its defenses, when this incident occurred. He had not seated himself listlessly at Gilgal, waiting for the Lord to set him to work, but had gone out reconnoitering, surveying the country, and laying plans for the battle. God comes to men who give attention to their business, and assures them of success.

There stood a man over against him. He had the form of a man, but he was something more. Balaam saw the same scene, Numbers xxii, 31. The drawn sword is suggestive of justice and judgment. It is the expression of law. Accepting the general opinion, that this man is the Logos of the New Testament, we have here displayed the legal side of Christ in contradistinction to His appearance in His mediatorial office. It is difficult for some to understand how these milder qualities of mercy and love can coexist with the sterner attributes of the warrior. Hence, they never conceive of the Logos as holding a drawn sword, or appearing in the commanding attitude of a soldier. To such we recommend the study of this angelic visitor. That He was not a created being, but the veritable Christ, the Logos, we reason from the whole tenor of His speech to His servant. His commands are not those of a subordinate, but of a principal.

And Joshua went unto him. Possibly it was in the night season, a time favorable for his investigations under cover of the darkness. In the uncertain twilight Joshua but dimly perceives his form and nationality. Hence he boldly advances, and challenges his purposes. An intrepid soldier was Joshua, to face alone, in close proximity to a hostile city, a man with a drawn sword. But Joshua felt strong in the assurance that he had a right to be there, and was not a lawless intruder invading unjustly a peaceful domain. A man is bold if he can only feel he is on ground where God has sent him. The consciousness of right is at the root of all true courage.

Art thou for us, or for our adversaries? Joshua does not recognize the possibility of a neutral party in this war. He that is not for us is against us, is his view of the case. Neutral men are the worst foes of God, for they are always sure to side with Satan in a crisis. Joshua will suffer none such around Jericho. He demands the colors of his companion, and the side that drawn sword takes in the controversy.

Captain of the host of the Lord—literally, Nay, but I, prince of the host of Jehovah, have now come. That is, the host of heaven, not the host that Joshua led.

And Joshua fell on his face. The hero humbles himself before the stranger. True courage lies close to good manners. Joshua recognizes a visitor from the invisible world, and does Him homage. Such acts of reverence may not have included all that we call divine worship, for it is hardly probable that Joshua regarded the man as divine. Bodily prostrations in the presence of princes and superiors are common in Oriental lands, and Joshua's conduct is simply in keeping with the customs of his age.

Loose thy shoe from off thy foot. No created being ever talked to man in such terms as these. This is the language of God. It is identical with the divine commands to Moses at Mount Horeb. The dust of the earth had been cursed, and to bring it on one's sandals before God was an offense against His holiness. The dust on which man trod was impure, but where God stood was holy ground. No created angel would have dared to assume such sanctity. He would have shrunk back with horror from the thought, Revelations xxii, 9. Joshua reverently obeyed, and the Lord talked with him face to face, and unfolded the divine method of taking the city. What he had come out to plan and arrange was revealed to him by the Commander of the Universe. Strange is the strategy of God, as we shall see in the next lesson.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, January 24.

1 How long from the crossing to the passover?

2 In the meantime what rite was renewed?

3 Why had it been withheld?

4 What is meant by "the reproach of Egypt?"

5 How was it rolled away?

6 Where was the last passover held?

7 Why was this one the best of all?

8 What is here meant by "old corn?"

9 When did they first eat of it?

10 What is meant by parched corn?

11 What was manna?

12 How long had they eaten it?

13 When did it cease?

14 Why?

15 What was Joshua doing when the man met him?

16 What was His appearance?

17 What did the drawn sword indicate?

18 Who was this man?

19 How did Joshua act toward Him?

20 Did Joshua render Him divine worship?

21 What did He demand of Joshua?

22 How does this demand indicate His divinity?

23 At what other time was the same demand made?

24 What did the man reveal to Joshua?

The Family.

"HE OPENED NOT HIS MOUTH."

BY MISS C. J. LOOMIS.

O, if I could remember,
Winning "neath some rude thrust
That seems unduly cruel,
Malignant and unjust—
Some word that makes indignant
The blood to finger-tips—
O, if I could remember
He opened not his lips.

When some old ghost, well hidden
And buried out of sight,
I think past resurrection,
Is sudden dragged to light
By hands of Goth and Vandal,
Unsparring, merciless,
O, if I could remember
He deadened foes could bless.

When so called friends ungentle
Touch some old creature—
O, that exquisite anguish—
Betrayal with a kiss;
That keenest edge of suffering
I dimly apprehend,
Yet not how the Master
Addressed him still as "friend."

O, if I could remember,
When provocations come,
Jesus, accused all falsely,
Even like a lamb was dumb,
He answered not, and meekly
Received the crown of thorns;
I turn in hot resentment,
And hurl back scorn for scorn.

He, grieved, despoiled, insulted
By fierce and angry men,
Scourged, mocked with bitter railing,
Reviled not back again;
I strive, alas! vainly,
To teach! I unconquered will
That meek and Christly lesson,
To suffer and be still.

O, if I could remember
No venom barbs can fall,
No polished shaft of malice,
But Jesus sees it all,
And lovingly invites me
Upon His heart to lay
Each burden, great or trivial,
Forever and alway.

TURKEY VERSUS CODFISH.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

"Don't see why we can't have a Christmas dinner; hate to have the boys all crowl' over me," said Bob Bent, as he kicked the wall spitefully.

"Keep your heels down, Bobby; the plastering's all dropping off now," said his mother.

Mr. Bent sat beside the fire, smoking his pipe. "Who crows over you, sonny?" he asked.

"All the boys; Dan White, 'nd Will Stearns, 'nd the rest; all goin' to have turkey or somethin' good for dinner to-morrow. They say I can't."

"We don't keep turkeys, Bob," said his sister Fannie, who sat bending over her work, while Katie, younger than Bob, whispered, "when we grow up we'll have some every day, won't we?"

Mr. Bent looked at his wife. "Got a little money, haven't you, Phebe?" She half shook her head.

"Because I was going to say," he continued, "that if we had enough to pay the rent, and a little more, we might have a dinner, same's Bob wants."

"Yes, with clothes and shoes dropping off their backs, it looks likely!" was the reply, as Mrs. Bent fitted a large patch to Bob's "other pair" of pants.

But two pairs of eager ears had heard the father's suggestion; two voices exclaimed, in concert, "we can wait for shoes! O, my! let's have a t-u-r, k-e-y, key, with stuffin'!"

"And cranberry sauce," added Fannie, with an air of interest.

Bob turned a summersault. "Couldn't get up some mince pies, could you? Seems to me 't would be like old times to have mince pies with raisins scattered in pretty thick," said Mr. Bent, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

His wife drew a long breath. "It would be nice to have a Christmas dinner, but we can't afford it. You know how many things we need, and—"

Her husband knew what she was thinking of, and said, "you remember what I've told you, Phebe; wages will come along reg'lar now."

Little Katie nestled close to her mother. "I'll be good, and rock the baby all day, if you'll only but just have a t-u-r—"

"Oho! you can't spell turkey," cried Bob. "I can; I can spell Constantinople, and I can eat turkey. Mother, let's settle it right now that we will have one, just this once, and feel full and jolly."

"If I should make a few pies," answered his mother, smiling, "I must have some apples to-night. Can you go down to Dixon's, Bobby?"

Of course he was glad to go, and with a bit of scrip in one hand, and a little basket in the other, away he went. Very soon he rushed in again, sparkling and cheeks glowing from the exercise.

"Here they be, mother; big red fellows. And what do you think? Will Stearns was in there, and I told him what we're going to have to-morrow, and he said, 'don't believe it!' Then I says, 'I'll show you his bones, drumsticks and all, to-morrow afternoon! Great brag! Rich folks seem to think that turkeys grow just for them to eat; and with a very important air Master Bob got an old knife and began to pare the 'big red fellows,' carefully heeding his mother's injunction to 'take thin peelings.'"

After the rest of the family were asleep, that night, Mrs. Bent sat a long time in deep thought. She wondered if it could be possible that John was really going to reform. Three, four weeks had passed since the last

"spree," and now if he could only get past the holidays without drinking, why not hope for better days in the future? To be sure he had promised, again and again, never to touch another glass of rum, and woman like, she had believed him every time, and every time had seen the promise broken. But now the children were growing older, and surely he would not disgrace himself and them. Yes, now, thought the little woman, he will be firm. And we will have a nice dinner, and perhaps some little presents might be bought afterward for the children. Then, with a whispered prayer to the Father who had so often given her strength to endure and to hope, she, too, sought her rest.

The first sound that broke the stillness of the morning, in the chamber of the little house, was Master Bob, mimicking all the fowls of the farm yard.

"I know what you're doin'," cried little Katie; "you're makin' a turkey noise."

"Wish you merry Christmas!" called Fannie, from the kitchen below.

In a few moments the children were running down, laughing and shivering, ready to begin what promised to be a most wonderful day. Early as it was, the smell of good things (so rare a smell) came from the oven, and Bob's small nose was lifted high in grateful anticipation, as he passed from one side of the stove to the other.

"Mother and I have been working just as still as we could," said Fannie, "so we could get the pies all done, and cookies, too, Bob; just think of that!"

"You won't care for much breakfast, I suppose," said the mother, as they sat down to their usual fare—a dish of beans and plate of bread.

"No, indeed! Seems to me I could give my beans to some poor family," said Bob, with a comical air.

"We've got to eat a lot, this noon—Thanksgiving and Christmas all together," added his father.

"Room enough, pa, isn't there?" and Bob looked down upon his coat, which was a "charity garment," and had never claimed a very close acquaintance with his small body. But now Bob was almost thankful for its size, and anticipated with pleasure the time when he should succeed in "catching up" with it.

"Now, father, you'll look after things a little, while I go out to buy the turkey, won't you?" asked Mrs. Bent, after breakfast was over.

"Why, I am going after that," said her husband. "Women can't tell what they want; so you just stay here, and I will get it."

For a moment his wife hesitated; and then she counted out the scrip from her purse, earned every bit of it by hard work, and handed it to him.

"Well, John, here's two dollars and a half; and, John," she whispered, "get it as cheap as you can, for you know the rent will be due soon."

"Father, if you see a few nuts that look as if they want to be cracked, why, you know the boy that knows how to do it," said Bob, who was helping Fannie in her efforts to make the room look a little more cheery. Katie was rocking the cradle, wherein lay baby, who was not asleep at all, but laughing, and kicking his dimpled feet out of the old yellow blanket.

"Can you bring me a stick of candy, pa?" she asked, shyly raising her pretty brown eyes, and blushing at her boldness.

"Nuts and candy? Yes, my beauties!" and John Bent thought he wouldn't fail to get those trifles as he closed the door and went away.

Busy hands made rapid progress with the work at home. Fannie and Bob rubbed the knives and the battered spoons, polished the stove and the windows, and at last insisted on helping mother make the "stuffing," which was so royally good, with plenty of sage and pepper.

"It is time for your father to come; he should have been here before this," said Mrs. Bent, as she looked anxiously down the street.

"I guess he is trying to find the best stick of candy for me. I hope it will be white, with red stripes running up and down," said Katie, leaning her cheek against the cradle, in blissful anticipation. Bob began to be impatient, and mounted the old lounge to watch the roadway.

"Ten o'clock! What can have happened?" said his mother, rubbing the frost off the window pane above him.

Another anxious half hour passed, and then Bob cried, "hurrah! here he comes! Put in the wood now, mother, for he has got the t-u-r—"

Bob stopped short, gave another searching glance, then turned and crept into the farthest corner of the room. His mother paused, with both hands on the table, as if she needed support; the door opened, and Mr. Bent came in.

"Where's the turkey, pa?" asked Katie, wonderingly.

"There 'tis! 'bes' kind for poor folks!" and he threw a large dry codfish upon the table.

"O, pa! and mother had the stuffing all ready," said Fannie, her face growing white, as she sat down slowly.

"Well (hic), can't you stuff (hic) er codfish, mother?"

"O, John, how could you? how could you?" said his wife, looking around upon the stricken children, for Katie had buried her face in baby's yellow blanket, and was sobbing quietly.

"How could I what?" and Mr. Bent looked around too, with unsteady eyes.

"Turkey makes (hic) folks sick. Ey, codfish—make (hic) you drink lots of water, and (hic) you always (hic) stand up for cold water! Can't (hic) see what you're cryin' for. Cry! cry! cry!"

Have it (hic) out then; but I'll go (hic) where there is something else going on." And away from the freshly cleaned kitchen went John Bent.

His wife sat still, and did not try to hinder him. This fresh disappointment was so hard to bear! and the money was spent! and the long cold winter only begun! and the great mills were silent! and the money came in so slowly from chance jobs.

There are times when ill fortune seems to come with crushing power; and so Mrs. Bent sat there, and one by one her grievances came before her, each one striking its sure blow in passing, until she thought she would never put forth another effort—would never battle with them again.

"Mother!" came in a resolute tone from the corner.

"Yes, Bobby."

"I'm growin' every day." Then, after a little, Bob went on: "Mother, Will Stearns' father sells rum to my father, and that's how he has turkey and we codfish."

"Yes, Bobby."

"Taint right!"

"Bob's heels beat against the plastering, but his mother did not notice. Baby cried, and that brought the mother out of her dreary reverie."

Little Katie, hungry for her dinner, pulled off a bit of the salt fish, and curled down beside Fannie to eat it; but it was some time before any one else thought of eating.

At last Mrs. Bent brought out one of the nice pies made that morning, and placed it with other food upon the table, urging the children to eat; and so the "Christmas dinner" was taken, almost in silence, and with an empty chair at the head of the table.

Toward night there was a conflict between Bob and Will Stearns, as the former could not show "turkey bones," as he had promised. Bob was longing to whip some one, and so Will was thoroughly beaten.

But that was small satisfaction; it did not fill the "aching void" in the poor little heart, for both heart and stomach had been sorely cheated that day, so it was a sober little sunset that Christmas day, and a very sober voice that said:

"Mother, if father did not drink rum we could have things like Will Stearns' folks, couldn't we?"

"We could have all we need," was the answer.

"The Lord knows how we've been cheated out of our turkey?"

"Yes, Bobby!" and his mother repeated to herself, "yes; the Lord knows."

"Well, what does He let things go on so far?" and Bob turned a half angry, half perplexed face toward her.

"Bobby, there are wicked men who love money so well that they will even sell rum to get it."

"But mother, there are lots of good men; why don't they make 'em stop?" and Bob's eyes flashed as though he made a discovery.

"O, I don't know," said his mother, wearily; "they are afraid to, or else the laws are wrong. Something hinders 'em."

"And so the man that sells rum will always have money to buy turkeys?"

"I am afraid so, Bobby."

"And we can't have anything but codfish?" cried Bob.

"O, my dear boy, I am afraid so," was the sad answer.

"Taint right!" said Bob.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

"GRAN'MA ALUM DOES."

I wants to mend my wagon,
And has to have some nails—
Just two; free will be plenty;
We're going to haul our rails;
The splendiferous cod-fishes
We're making ever was!
I wis' you'd help us find 'em;
Gran'ma al'um does.

My horse's name is Betsy;
She jumped and broke her head;
I put her in the stable,
And fed her milk and bread.
The stable 's in the parlor;
We didn't make no noise;
I wis' you'd let it stay there;
Gran'ma al'um does.

I's going to the corn-field,
To ride on Charley's plow;
I expect he'd like to have me;
I want to go right now.
O, won't I get up awful;
I tell you what I know,
It's right to put on sugar;
Gran'ma al'um does.

I wants some bread and butter;
I's hungry, worstest kind;
But Tattle must have none,
Cause she wouldn't mind.
Put plenty sugar on it;
I tell you what I know,
It's right to put on sugar;
Gran'ma al'um does.

—Selected.

LITTLE JACK FEE.

BY MRS. SARAH A. MATHER.

CHAPTER IX.

"I like that story about little Mary Lee, said Jack, on another quiet evening. So aunt Cassie began again:

"After Mary had been taken up stairs to bed Phebe came in. 'Come, Phebe my dear, tell your uncle Luther how you have spent the day,' said Mr. Lee.

"I have nothing good to tell," said Phebe. 'I was so sleepy in the morning, and the fowls screamed so, and the geese quacked, and that horrid peacock made such a noise. Besides, the flies tickled my face. Uncle Luther, I would not have any trees or rose-bushes near the house, for the birds sing so in them in the morning to keep you awake, and the rose bushes bring the bugs.'"

"Did you get up in time for your breakfast?" her uncle asked.

"Yes, sir; Mary bothered me so with her daisies and clover at my nose," said Phebe (at that point of the story Jack laughed right out).

"Then my coffee was too hot; and we had pancakes, and I wanted toast; pancakes always come at the wrong time," she said.

"Foh!" said Jack.

"But your walk, my dear, with your mamma and Mary; was not that nice?" inquired her uncle.

"Oh dear!" said Phebe, "mother took us in such horrid places, and all for nothing. We had to pick our way on the stepping stones across the brooks, and I came near falling in where the fishes were fighting each other all the time. I was glad to get home."

"You saw the butterflies, and the flowers, and the green meadows, and the river?" said her uncle.

"Yes, sir; and Mary thought it was all nice. She said the violets looked happy, and the daisies friendly. The daisies are so important, stretching up their long necks every where, and staring at you, so I don't like daisies."

"What a girl!" said Jack. Then he put his hand over his mouth quickly, so as not to interrupt aunt Cassie again.

"But there was the beautiful blue sky and the full moon," said her uncle.

"But they look so lonesome, uncle," said Phebe.

"Oh Phebe, Phebe, my girl," said Mr. Lee; "try to see the pleasant things. Do not mind the bugs and the spiders. If the flies tickled your nose this morning it might be to tell you that they had slept long enough, and they should think you had."

Here Jack burst out with, "I should think so."

"When your coffee is too hot you can take time to cool it. If you had pancakes to-day you will have toast to-morrow. Now, my dear girl, will you not turn over a new leaf, and make the best of every thing? Pray to God to give you a better

Obituaries.

Died, in Troy, Me., Aug. 3, 1874, DENTON, wife of Col. Isaac T. Wright, in the 60th year of her age.

Sister W. was born in Georgetown, Me., Sept. 18, 1814. She gave evidence of her conversion to true Christian faith at an early period of life, was baptized at the age of fifteen, and joined the Free Will Baptist Church, where she remained till death a worthy, highly esteemed, and beloved member. She also shared the confidence and affection of all Christians who knew her. She possessed that peculiarity of mind which, while sensitive and true to the call of local obligation, was yet generous and abundant in her distribution to all, not excepting the unknown traveler—remembering the worthy injunction of the eminent Apostle, "be not forgetful to certain strangers, for by so doing some have entertained angels unawares," and giving this sentiment in part of her last counsel to her family, "never turn a stranger from your door." Our sister was cheered by God's presence till the last, and was at home on God's life-boat to the other shore.

JAMES M. HUTCHINSON.
Detroit, Dec. 26, 1874.

Died, in Milford, Nov. 6, 1874, Mrs. HARRIET ALLEN, aged 63 years. She was one of the first converts in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Rochester. In the little old church, made out of a carpenter shop, she, with her sister, were for years the leading singers and active workers. She joined the Church when it cost something to be a Methodist. The little band with which she cast in her lot were often assailed with something more material than words. Her energy and decision of character well fitted her for the times. She was always devoted to the Church, and loved its services. For a few months her health had been feeble, but at last the messenger came quickly, and with very little conscious suffering she was transferred from the earthly to the heavenly.

C. S. ROGERS.

WILLIAM SPARGO died at Dorchester Lower Mills, Nov. 6, 1874, aged 58 years.

He was born in Cornwall, England, his parents being members of the Established Church. When about nine years of age he came to this country. In 1842, under the labors of Rev. Thomas C. Peirce, he was converted, and joined the Church. At different times he has served the Church as trustee, steward, chorister, class-leader, and S. S. teacher. He was not ambitious for position, but ever ready to perform to the best of his ability any service assigned him. His piety was not of the superficial sort; it lasted all his life, and through all his life. He was ever ready to oblige others, even at the sacrifice of his own ease and comfort. During the war of the Rebellion he did faithful service in the ranks—often bearing, not only his own share, but that of his weaker comrades. His place is vacant, but he has gone to his reward.

C. S. R.

JOHN REYNOLDS died in Dorchester District, Boston, Dec. 8, 1874.

He was born in Norfolk, Va., Dec. 25, 1801, and removed to Stratford, Vt., when about 14 years of age. At the age of 22 he became agent of the Vermont Copper Works, which position he held for more than forty years, often having charge of two and even three hundred men. To all of these his word was law; and such was the mingled kindness and wisdom of his rule that he seldom failed to gain the esteem as well as the respect of his subordinates.

About the time that he was made agent he gave his heart to God, and joined the Methodist Church, of which he ever after was a zealous and consistent member. There was nothing ostentatious in his piety; his thoughts of himself were exceedingly humbling, and distrustful, especially during the last weeks of his life. His final sickness was protracted and painful, but he was a patient sufferer, and a season of mental depression came at length to a state of more perfect trust, and at the last was greatly sustained by the Gospel hope. A good man, and one greatly beloved, has gone to his reward.

C. S. R.

WILLIE C. BARNEY died in Providence, R. I., Nov. 5, 1874, aged 16 years. Ten months before his death, and during the "week of prayer," he gave his heart to God in the Broadway Methodist Episcopal Church. "Now," said his Sunday-school teacher, "I shall have one to join with me in prayer for the class." "I will do so," he replied. Soon others of the class bowed at the altar, and with him "witnessed a good confession."

Willie was baptized February 1, and united in full with the Church August 2, 1874. His Christian life was marked by a uniform consistency that carried with it a precious influence for good. Naturally possessed of a manly, generous disposition, these qualities were heightened by grace. He soon endeavored himself to all hearts, and looked upon as a young man of excellent promise to the Church. He steadily exhorted the young to devote their lives to the service of God. His last sufferings were borne with cheerful submission to the divine will. God gave him a wonderful victory, so that his friends were constrained to ask, "can this be dying?" He sent messages to the Church, exhorted his unconverted friends, and joined with weeping friends as they sang to the praise of God. During some of these seasons his face was lighted up with heavenly radiance. Heavenly life with him began on earth, as the flower has its beginning in the bud, and as the day has its beginning in the dawn. At times he could say, "I see heaven opened!"

The Church, so often bereaved of cherished and useful members, is again bereaved. Another of our beloved and leading families suffers the loss of a loved and loving son. It was hard to give him up, but the all-wise Father knows best, and He says, "be still, and know that I am God!"

J. E. HAWKINS.

Mrs. BETSEY G. BEAN, of Moultonboro', N. H., died of heart disease, Nov. 7, 1874, in the 78th year of her age.

Sister B. had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church some thirty years. She was a woman of sterling sense, and so was able to deport herself in a way to gain the respect of those around her, and the esteem and confidence of those with whom she was associated. She was a true wife; her husband trusted in her, and after living with her fifty years lives now, with falling tears, to praise her. The death

of her only son, a little less than one year before her decease, greatly affected her. She and her husband were leaning on that noble son as an earthly support in their declining and last years; but when that earthly prop fell out she found herself leaning on Jesus, and when she came to the close of life she spoke of joy, peace, and trust in Christ. He was her only Redeemer and Saviour, and so passed away in hope of a blissful immortality.

A. ADAMS.
Moultonboro', Dec. 1, 1874.

ASA P. THOMAS died in Dixfield, Me., while on a visit to that place, Oct. 31, aged 55 years. Brother T. was a lover of Jesus nearly a score of years. He gave his heart to the Saviour at a union meeting held at Skowhegan, and joined the Baptist Church of that place, where he remained a worthy member until about four years ago, when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Mercer, he having previously moved into that town. He loved God with all his heart, and has left the Church militant for the Church triumphant.

NAOY F. DOWNS died in Fitchburg, Sept. 5, 1874, aged 61 years.

Sister D., with her husband (Elihu Down), who now mourns her loss, sought and found their Saviour thirty-three years ago. She honored her profession with a life hid with God. Sweet was the fragrance of her holy life which now lingers in the Church of which she was a loved member, and in her home.

W. W. C.
Died, in Acuteville, Vt., Nov. 19, 1874, of quick consumption, ESTELLE J. ADAMS, wife of H. S. Cone, aged 47 years.

More than ten years since our dear sister was called to pass through deep waters of sorrow by the death of three precious little boys. This sore bereavement almost crushed her; yet in the end it proved a blessing in disguise, and was so sanctified to her that she was soon after happily converted to God. Though for years declining in health, yet she gave promise to live much longer than she did. Her life, flickering as it burned, told too plainly that desolation and sorrow must come again to a happy home. Even when the dark clouds settled about them they could not think that she, the fond wife and loved mother who but the day before had formed a part of their little circle, had so soon been taken. Thus quickly all earthly ties are severed; thus rapidly pass as shadows all we hold most dear! But one Friend will never leave us, and the tie that binds him to us can never be severed. Above the clouds above the night of sorrow come, but amid it all His presence shall go with us, and He will give us rest.

LYMAN E. ROCKWELL.

Father JESSE FLETCHER died in Rumney, N. H., Oct. 29, 1874, aged 89 yrs.

He was born in Westford, Mass., and spent most of his days in Groton, N. H., but had lived for about fourteen years at Rumney, and was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at this place. His married life and his religious life were about equal in length, namely, 65 years. His aged companion, who seemed to be almost as old as he, Rev. Clifton Fletcher, pastor of the Baptist Church at Tewksbury, Mass., survive him. Father Fletcher when in health was active and faithful in religious duties, and loved Jesus and His Church. For months he had fallen in a peculiar manner, and mental faculties, but never in faith or love to Jesus. Ever cheerful, he loved, and was ever ready to sing, "My heavenly home is bright and fair," and to the last, even amid great suffering and difficult breathing, he sang the sweet songs of Zion. No one could dispute the fact that we think, can gain any Christian life and experience, or doubt that his religion supported and cheered him in the hour of sickness and death. Truly in his case Wesley's saying was verified, "out people loved so well; his memory is fragrant with earnest devotion and Christian triumph."

L. W. PRESCOTT.

JANE, wife of Brother John McBride, was born at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, county of Charlotte, June, 1833.

Sister McBride sought and found the pearl of great price early in childhood, and from that period in her life, though so young, until its peaceful close in death, was a practical demonstration that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient to keep. She was naturally of a very calm and serene soul in all weathers, a thread even spun in all the providences of God, calm patience when tossed, hopeful when extremely tossed. It is not the office of religion to destroy these natural endowments, but to refine and elevate them; so these virtues were strikingly illustrated by the even tenor of her life, and which endeared her to the various circles in which she moved. Some six years since she, in company with her husband, left their former home, and adopted LaBee, Me., as their place of residence. Soon after coming to his place she identified herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, which relation her husband now sustains with great acceptance, and which she sustained unflinchingly till the moment of her transfer to the Church above.

Early in 1872 the dark shadows of affliction began to gather upon her path, yet no one seemed to realize what was to be the end. Her heroic courage, strong will, and buoyant spirit hid her real situation from human sight. No alarm was entertained in relation to her trouble until last December, when the disease had so far prevailed as to completely prostrate her. Then every available means was resorted to for the restoration of health, and no effort was left untried to save life, but all to no purpose. When her better judgment said to her you must die, she felt it difficult to be reconciled, on account of her dear ones composing her family. She felt that they needed her counsel and care; yet, as the solemn end rolled on, grace triumphed; she calmly laid them all upon the altar, submitting herself to the will of her heavenly Father, saying, "not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

In this reconciled state of mind she passed from earth to glory the 24th day of November at 9 o'clock in the evening. She died untroubled by the family, the Church, and community. Truly another soul has been gathered from this world of suffering and sorrow, a trophy of the cross, and a beautiful addition to the world. She has left an affectionate husband, together with four children, to mourn her loss. May grace sustain the afflicted ones, and lead them to emulate her virtues.

BENJAMIN C. BLACKWOOD.

Lube, Dec. 8.

Died, at his residence in Hyde Park, Nov. 11, GEORGE B. LEAVITT, aged 31 years.

He was born in York, Me., and early gave his heart to Christ, and his name and labors to the Church. Having removed to Boston he joined the Church Street Church, where, by his amiable disposition and active Christian labor, he became a worthy leader among our young people. Earnestly devoted to his business, the means of grace were his constant joy. As a husband and father he was faithful in duty, and loved by all. He often said to his pastor, "if God prospers me in business His cause shall have the benefit." He was one of the sterling Christian young men of Boston, and though early fallen, has left a most worthy record and a leader he was faithful in duty, and loved by all. He often said to his pastor, "if God prospers me in business His cause shall have the benefit." He was one of the sterling Christian young men of Boston, and though early fallen, has left a most worthy record and a leader he was faithful in duty, and loved by all. 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